The Outlook

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The Outlook

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 22, 1906

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The French Crisis

Last week was a critical one for France. The law of December 10, 1905, went into effect on December 11, 1906. This law abrogates the Concordat, or contract, between the French Government and the Vatican, under which for a century the Government has paid the clergy's salaries in return for the churches and cathedrals confiscated during the French Revolution. The new law gives the State's sanction to the use of churches in all parishes, not only Roman Catholic but also Protestant and Jewish, in which associations or trusteeships shall have been formed for the care of such churches and the supervision of the worship in them, the associations first to be authorized by the State: for instance, seven persons in a community having less than a thousand inhabitants are enough to form such an association, and so to be authorized by the Government to use the local church. The Protestants and Jews complied with the law. It is believed that a majority of the Roman Catholic clergy were also ready to do so, but the Pope forbade. Thereupon the Government, in a spirit of conciliation, declared that it would accept an application made under the law of 1881—a law for the regulation of public meetings—by which meetings of over twenty-five persons must be authorized by the police, who would act on the declaration of two persons from each parish or commune that such a meeting was about to occur in that commune. The Pope forbade the clergy to comply with this law also, but, as he did not forbid the laity, in a few parishes the requisite declarations were made, which have now received the approval of the State, but not yet, we are sorry to say, of Cardinal Richard, Archbishop of Paris and head of the Church in France. Throughout the conflict the Archbishop and the clergy, as well as the French Prime Minister and his coadjutors, have shown commendable self-restraint. When last week's crisis came, France gave another proof that her people are not so emotional as has been too often supposed. Wherever the law was not complied with, the Government had the right to stop religious services and to sequester property. Yet the services in the forty thousand French parishes have not been interrupted. After December 11, when the new rule went into effect, however, the vast majority of religious services were held without preliminary authorization from the local authorities, hence the churches were visited by policemen not in uniform, who recorded infractions of the law and summoned priests to appear in court. Though the Government fines the clergy, it wisely keeps the churches open. But, as a sign of its determination to permit no further co-operation between the recusant clergy and a foreign power, it has summarily expelled from the country the Secretary of the Papal Nunciature in Paris, the Vatican's acting representative in France. It has also resumed possession of the church buildings belonging to the State and has drafted provisions to sequestrate others. It proposes to compel the fifty-five hundred Roman Catholic theological students in France to perform military service.

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How to Avoid Another Crisis

The Government now proposes (1) to abolish the none too generous pensions granted by the Separation Law of 1905 to the clergy, with the exception of sixteen thousand life-pensions to aged ecclesiastics, (2) to liquidate all the Church property, including seminaries and ecclesiastical residences, (3) to determine the conditions under which this property may be taken over by the

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communes, such conditions, so it is announced, gratifyingly assuring the use of the churches for religious purposes only, (4) to expel any of the clergy who may be thought dangerous to the public peace, and, (5) if necessary, to treat the recalcitrant clergy as subjects of a foreign Power. Especially in its first proposition, the Government may well make haste slowly. Any additional legislation which wears the aspect of persecution will only intensify the martyrdom of those who are in a certain sense martyrs already. For it must be recognized that most of the seventy-eight thousand French clergy are first of all good Christians and worthy men, and, in general, good patriots. Yet the majority of them regard the present French Government as not only anti-clerical but as also anti-Christian and even anti-religious; they protest against the one-sided abrogation of a historic compact, the Government's disregard for the Church's property rights, and the gradual despoiling of salaries from those who had entered upon a life-work with faith in the continuance of the Concordat. If this despoilment is to be not gradual but summary, the hardships of the already too drastic Separation Law will be emphasized. The Outlook has repeatedly stated that both Church and State in France would gain by separation, but it believes in a fair separation. Fairness, however, in this case depends upon the methods by which the principle of separation is put into effect, not upon the principle itself. Separation is inevitable, and will be as beneficial to the Roman Catholic Church as to France. In spite of defects in the details of the law, the Church should have co-operated with, not opposed, its enactment. The Church is suffering to-day in France for the reactionary policy of some of its least enlightened and least spiritual ecclesiastics.

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The Spanish Situation

Spain is the latest Roman Catholic nation to take up the question of a separation of Church and State. The Dominguez Cabinet in Spain exists no longer. The Premier resigned because of divergences of opinion on the religious questions, which, according to some Moderate Liberals, have been pushed too rapidly to the front in Parliament, thus delaying the settlement of Spain's commercial relations with foreign Powers. General Dominguez was succeeded by another Liberal, Señor Moret, but the Cabinet formed by the latter was able to stand for but a day, and was succeeded by one under the premiership of the Marquis de Armijo. The new Premier retained as Foreign Minister Señor Perez Caballero, of the Moret Cabinet, who is an element of strength in the present Moroccan difficulty, being one of Spain's delegates to the recent international Moroccan Conference at Algeciras. It is evident that the young King desires the Liberals to continue in power, although he may not believe that Spain is ready for the radical anti-clerical programme of the Extremists, who have stirred up manifestations throughout Spain. The Dominguez Cabinet set out resolutely to abrogate the old Concordat of 1851 with the Vatican, recognized by the Spanish Constitution, and also that negotiated recently with the Vatican by Señor Maura when the Conservatives were last in power. Under the Constitution the Spanish Government is bound to support the clergy and maintain the buildings of the Roman Catholic Church. It has been doing so at a cost in recent years of about eight million dollars annually. But this is not the chief difficulty. The educational question, as connected with religion, forms a principal obstacle to any progress in civilization. Over two-thirds of the Spanish people are illiterate. There is immediate and pressing necessity of improving and enlarging the public schools. As many Spanish children, however, are taught by the monks, of whom between five and six thousand are engaged in this work, and as there are between three and four thousand monastic foundations in Spain, it occurs to the Liberals that this is a large proportion for a population of only nineteen million, whose literacy record would seem to demand new methods. The enormous total number of monks has been very greatly augmented by the arrival of many monks expelled from France. The Dominguez Cabinet, therefore, proposed, first, to strengthen

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the law passed in 1902 providing for the civil control of religious associations somewhat along the line of the French measure; secondly, to recognize as legal all civil marriages, whether accompanied by a religious function or not; and, finally, to institute the municipal control of cemeteries. The Cabinet changes may indicate the substitution of some middle course, and this may be the wisest course for the present, if peace is to be preserved. Ultimately, however, we believe that the naturally more ultramontane Spaniards will follow the French in turning to the opinion that both Church and State can accomplish more good in the world by separation than by union.

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German African Colonial Enterprise

The Reichstag is the great popular Lower House of the German Parliament. The Bundesrath, or Federal Council, representing the individual States, is the Upper House. The Reichstag holds the Empire's purse-strings, and its most exciting debate, since that on the tariff three years ago, has been on the subject of colonial supplies. Last week it voted against the Government's supplementary budget, amounting to over seven million dollars, for the war between German Southwest Africa and the natives. Without such a sum the German field-force in Africa must be greatly reduced. Herr Spahn, a leader of the Clerical party, had declared that the troops should be reduced to twenty-five hundred men, though the Government, backed by the General Staff, affirmed that the present garrison, numbering twelve thousand men, could not be safely reduced below eight thousand. Prince von Bülow, the Imperial Chancellor, added that to reduce the garrisons to Herr Spahn's limit would mean the imperiling of German rule by a renewal of the insurrection, which would naturally spread beyond the frontier. "If we shrink from this last sacrifice," he declared, "we shall be guilty of a great national crime. As the responsible leader of the Empire's affairs I could not sign such a capitulation." Nevertheless, the great Centrist or Clerical party, aided by the Socialists and the Poles, defeated the Government bill. Anticipating this, the Chancellor had obtained the consent of the Kaiser and the Bundesrath to dissolve the House, as required by the Constitution. The Constitution also requires a new Reichstag to be chosen within sixty days and a new session to be opened within ninety. The reading of the decree of dissolution was marked by the hurried departure of the Socialist members, apparently to avoid being present when a call was made for the usual cheers for the Emperor. These, nevertheless, were given with unwonted enthusiasm by Conservative and National-Liberal members to celebrate the Government's break with the Centrists. The latter are Roman Catholics, and, representing a third of the population, have always acted with such solidarity of purpose and method as sometimes apparently to overawe the Government itself. The general popularity of their protest arises, first, because German colonial enterprise in Africa, primarily undertaken in 1884, has not been an economic success, and a nation whose commercial efforts in general impressively show the contrary has become increasingly restive under the strain of "throwing good money after bad." Next, the actual graft revealed when a Prussian Minister was recently forced into retirement has angered a nation whose home Government is remarkably free from corruption. Again, the German African colonies have not been as humanely conducted as they should have been, if we may believe the charges made by Herr Rören, another Centrist leader, backed by those of many missionaries.

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King Leopold's Self-Defense

The King of the Belgians showed last week more unmistakably than ever that the attacks which have been made upon his administration of the Independent State of the Congo had been driven home. In an interview granted to a correspondent of the Publishers' Press he defended his rule in that State. After a eulogy of America and of President Roosevelt, he remarked upon the character-portrait which a writer

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had drawn of himself. It was, he said, the portrait of a monster, of a Nero, of an ogre. He ironically congratulated the correspondent on his courage in coming into his presence. He then went on to deny that conditions in the Congo were atrocious. Self-interest alone, he said, would stand in the way of such abuse of the blacks as had been reported. Prosperity depends upon a happy and growing population. The King referred to the charges made by a missionary who admitted that he had never been in the Congo. Many of the reports concerning the Congo had, the King remarked, this hearsay quality. Grievances, of course, did exist in the Congo, he admitted; but no Government in the world, he added, has remedied all grievances within its own jurisdiction. Christian fellowship ought, in his opinion, to lead the nations to be charitable with the Congo Government. He then rehearsed the achievements of his administration: the reduction of smallpox by the introduction of vaccine; the annihilation of the slave trade; the prohibition of alcohol; the introduction of steamships, railways, telegraphs, and even motor-cars; the reduction by granting concessions, to Americans especially, of the territory of barbarism; the beginning of a fight, "with the help of Almighty God," against the horrible sleeping sickness. He urged the necessity, in dealing with peoples who had been cannibals, of adopting methods which would "best shake their idleness and make them realize the sanctity of work." It might be, perhaps, here too frivolous to quote *laborare et orare*, and comment that the King does the praying and lets the blacks do the working! He stigmatized as "absolutely false" the assertion that he was "financially interested in the Congo" and made "a huge fortune there yearly." He said flatly that he had not one cent invested in Congo industries, and that he had not received any salary as Congo executive in the past twenty-two years. So far from bettering himself financially, he declared that he had actually spent millions of his own money in developing the country; and that he was "poorer, and not richer, because of the Congo." This is the most interesting and surprising statement in the whole interview. He closed the interview with the interesting announcement that half of the shares of the new so-called American Company were held by Belgian financiers; that the interest on the shares held by the Congo Government, given in exchange for the concession, was sufficient "to pay the whole interest on the Congo national debt." To see the development of the fabulous wealth of the Congo was, he averred, his reward. It is significant that in his interview as reported there was no reference whatever to the damning features of the report made by the King's own commission of inquiry, and no announcement or hint of any measures to be taken for the correction of the outrages which that commission acknowledged. What these outrages are The Outlook has already told with some detail; the record of them has been published, and translated into English. Until the statements of the commissioners, chosen by the King himself, are refuted, no other defense of the Congo Government calls for rejoinder. The King's agents in the United States have been zealously active in their attempts to incline public opinion toward a favorable view of Leopold II. and his administration of the Congo. In spite of that fact, and in spite of all their influences directed toward Congress, a resolution reciting the evils reported in the Congo, declaring that it is time for an international inquiry, and advising the President that in any steps in co-operation with other Powers for the redress of wrong in the Congo he will receive the Senate's cordial support, has been introduced by Senator Lodge; and, what is still more important, Sir Edward Grey announced in reply to a question in Parliament that the United States had expressed a desire to contribute toward the realization of reforms in the Congo.

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Canada's New Tariff

Except for some small and unimportant reductions in the duties on two or three lines of agricultural implements and machinery, the new Canadian tariff is even

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more protectionist than its predecessor, which was enacted in 1897. In Opposition—that is, from 1878 to 1896—the Liberals in Parliament, then led by Sir Wilfrid Laurier, Sir Richard Cartwright, and Mr. Blake, were strenuous advocates of a tariff for revenue only; and in all these years they condemned the duties in the tariff for the protection of Canadian manufacturers, and the bounty system which was adopted by Sir John Macdonald and the Tories to aid in the upbuilding of Canadian industries. In 1897, however, when the Liberal Government, which had come into power the previous year, submitted to Parliament its first tariff, it practically adopted the protectionist policy which had been inaugurated by the Tories in 1879. In some of the schedules, notably in those affecting textiles, the Liberal Government increased the protection to manufacturers; and the only change in the direction of lower duties—the only change in accordance with the policy for which the Liberals had contended for seventeen or eighteen years when they were in Opposition—was the adoption of preferential rates for Great Britain. At first the preference was small; but under the Act of 1897 its ratio increased, and for some years past imports from Great Britain have paid only two-thirds of the duties levied on imports from the United States and other non-British countries. This preference for Great Britain is continued in the tariff of 1906; but except for this inroad on protection—an inroad which is admittedly of much value to Canadian consumers and of some importance to British manufacturers—the new tariff is the most protectionist that has ever been enacted at Ottawa. Most of the changes give more protection to Canadian manufacturers. The increases are not nearly so large as were urged by the Canadian manufacturers. They desired a tariff on the Dingley model; and they also assailed the British preference, and in many instances asked for higher duties to protect them from British competition. These petitions for higher duties were laid before the Tariff Commission which made a tour from one end of Canada to the other in the winter of 1905–6. At these hearings representatives of farmers' associations defended the British preference against the attacks from the manufacturers, and also opposed the demands for higher duties on imports from the United States. The farmers helped to save the British preference; they also defeated a movement for a protective duty on tin-plate. But in the new tariff there are few concessions to consumers, and while the gains for the manufacturers are not large in amount, they are fairly general throughout the tariff schedules. In summing up the net result of the revision of 1906 it may be said that it makes abundantly clear the fact that the Canadian Liberal party is now as much committed to a protectionist policy as the Tory party has been since 1879.

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Canadian Bounties and Trusts

It was the Tories who originated the bounty policy; and between 1879 and 1896 they adhered to it and gradually extended it in spite of the strongest denunciations from the Liberals in Parliament and from the Liberal newspapers in the constituencies. In 1897 it was popularly expected that the Liberals would lose no time in sweeping away the system of Federal bounties as aids to Canadian industry. On the contrary, however, the Liberals have continued and extended the system, so much so that since 1896 nine million dollars have been paid out from the Treasury at Ottawa to four or five iron and steel companies in Nova Scotia and Ontario. In addition to granting these bounties the Liberals also protected these industries by high duties in the tariff. On steel rails, for which just now there is a phenomenally large demand in Canada, the duty on importations from the United States is seven dollars a ton. This rate of duty is continued in the new tariff, and provision is made for a large increase in the rate of bounties, and for an extension of time for the bounty system, which was to have expired in July, 1907. It is to be prolonged until December 31, 1910. Many special interests are fully cared for in the new tariff, but none is more lavishly treated than the iron and steel industry, which

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by the end of 1910 may have cost the taxpayers of Canada in bounties alone anywhere from twenty to thirty-five million dollars for its upbuilding. It is an industry with a strong political influence at Ottawa, an influence exercised from Halifax and Montreal, where the financial magnates interested in it are established. Its influence is stronger than that of any other Canadian industry, not excepting the cotton industry—also financially established in Montreal—which usually has powerful friends at Ottawa when a tariff is being revised, no matter whether the Government in power is Tory or Liberal. For many years past there has been an anti-trust clause in the tariff under which it is possible for the Government by order-in-council to reduce or remit the duty on any articles when it has been proved that a trust was artificially and unduly keeping up prices. This clause is continued in the tariff of 1906, and is so amended as to quicken and cheapen the process of law necessary to prove that a trust is in existence. In future, if it is proved in any court of law in the Dominion that a trust exists, any advantage which it enjoys under the tariff may be cut off by order-in-council. A new feature in the revision of 1906 is the establishment of an intermediate tariff. As the law now stands, there are (1) the British tariff, with an average of two-thirds rates for British imports; (2) the general tariff, which is applicable to the United States and all other non-British countries; and (3) the intermediate tariff. In this tariff the rates throughout average nine-tenths of those of the general tariff; and these rates are to be conceded to non-British countries which, by arrangement or by treaty, will make trade concessions to Canada. Much negotiation will have to be conducted before this intermediate tariff can come into force. There are many obstacles in the way of such negotiations, and for quite a long time to come the intermediate tariff can be of little more than academic interest. The intelligent citizen of the United States can easily see the pernicious side of such a tariff system as this—much more easily, in fact, than when the same commercial, financial, and ethical fallacies are exhibited by the similar system of his own country.

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Secretary Root and States' Rights

When Secretary Root leaves the State Department, he will have left behind him not only a highly successful and honorable record in diplomacy, but some state papers and political addresses of the highest order of thought and eloquence. His speech last week at the dinner of the Pennsylvania Society in New York is such an address. Choosing an occasion which called together citizens of the two richest and most powerful States of the Union, he discussed the subject of Federal power versus States' rights in a way so clear, so logical, and of such human interest that it not only held his immediate audience but has arrested the attention of the entire country. His text was the following query: "What is to be the future of the States of the Union under our dual system of constitutional government?" No man who takes the slightest interest in the social or political movements of the times can have failed to observe not only a very material increase in the powers of the Federal Government, but a very decided approval of that increase on the part of the people of the country. The United States was formed as a comparatively loose confederacy of independent principalities. The "fathers of the Republic," as Mr. Root shows, were not really fathers of a republic at all. They did not desire to create a republic. They planned a political system with just enough centripetal force in it to prevent the original colonies and States from flying off centrifugally and forming a number of little republics. Few of them, says Mr. Root, would have deemed it possible that "the Union they were forming could be maintained among eighty-five million people spread over the vast expanse from the Atlantic to the Pacific and from the Lakes to the Gulf." Mr. Root names three causes which have made possible the maintenance of the United States as a nation one and inseparable. First, the growth of national sentiment due to the conflicts with England and France in our early history, to

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the Civil War, and to the development of the trans-Mississippi region by men who looked to Washington and not to any State capital for their protection. "By the side of this strong and glowing loyalty to the Nation, sentiment for the separate States has become dim and faint in comparison." The second cause has been the operation of free trade among the States. "Never was a concession dictated by enlightened judgment for the common benefit more richly repaid than that by which the States surrendered in the Federal Constitution the right to lay imposts or duty on imports and exports." We have only to look at the political history of Italy, France, and the German Empire to see what unending jealousy and conflicts and destruction follow the assertion of the right of Principalities or States to apply the doctrine of commercial protection against one another within a confederacy. The third cause of the great development of federalism or nationalism is the marvelous development of travel and communication. "The swift trains that pass over our two hundred and twenty thousand miles of railroad, the seventy million messages that flash over the more than four hundred thousand miles of telegraph wire, the conversations across vast spaces through our more than four million telephone instruments, take no note of State lines; they have broken down the barriers between the separate communities, and they have led to reorganization of the business and social life of the people of the United States along lines which, for the most part, altogether ignore the boundaries of the States. . . . Our whole life has swung away from the old State centers and is crystallizing about National centers. . . . The people move in great throngs to and fro from State to State and across States," and "the growth of National habits in the daily life of a homogeneous people keeps pace with the growth of National sentiment."

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Is the United States a Nation?

What is to be the political effect of the changes in our National life and our habits of thought which Mr. Root portrays so graphically? To him, as to us, it appears that the political doctrine of States' rights is growing weaker, while the influence of the theory of government which may be called federalism or nationalism or centralized democracy is steadily increasing both among statesmen and the people at large; "the Federal Anti-Trust Law, the Anti-Rebate Law, the Railroad Rate Law, the Meat Inspection Law, the Oleomargarine Law, the Pure Food Law, are examples of the purpose of the people of the United States to do through the agency of the National Government the things which the separate State Governments formerly did adequately, but no longer do adequately." Mr. Root's speech has been widely and seriously criticised, as all good speeches on pressing and vital subjects must be. The criticism comes chiefly from those who have been educated in the tradition that the United States are a Nation instead of that the United States is a Nation. The man to whom the words "States' rights" are a shibboleth is sometimes more disturbed by fancied dangers to the Constitution than he is by real injury to or oppression of the people. But there are other critics of the political theories and principles enunciated by Mr. Root, who profoundly distrust the ability of the people of the country to protect themselves against the intrenched despotism of a centralized government. These critics cling to the States' rights doctrine with what sometimes appears to be real desperation. To those who thus really believe in a Confederation of States rather than a Centralized Democracy we commend this eloquent passage of Mr. Root's address:

> If any State is maintaining laws which afford opportunity and authority for practices condemned by the public sense of the whole country, or laws which through the operation of our modern system of communication and business are injurious to the interests of the whole country, that State is violating the conditions upon which alone can its power be preserved. If any State maintains laws which promote and foster the enormous overcapitalization of corporations condemned by the people of the country generally, if any State maintains laws designed to make easy the formation of trusts and the creation of monopolies, if any State maintains laws which permit conditions of

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child labor revolting to the sense of mankind, if any State maintains laws of marriage and divorce so far inconsistent with the general standard of the Nation as violently to derange the domestic relations which the majority of the States desire to preserve, that State is promoting the tendency of the people of the country to seek relief through the National Government and to press forward the movement for National control and the extinction of local control.

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The Argument Against Senator Smoot

In a notable speech lasting three hours, Senator Burrows argued on Tuesday of last week in favor of the majority report of the Committee on Privileges and Elections recommending that the Senate declare Mr. Smoot not entitled to a seat as Senator from Utah. The Senator from Michigan made it clear that the opposition to Mr. Smoot was not based on any criticism of his personal character or any allegation that he was a polygamist, but that it was based on the fact, which the majority regarded as proved, that Mr. Smoot was a representative of a power hostile to the United States and defiant of the Nation's laws. The governing power of the Mormon Church, Senator Burrows declared, consists of the Presidency and the Twelve Apostles; and this body controls the membership of the Church and inculcates the belief that it is "specially commissioned by the Almighty to dominate the affairs of this world." This body, according to the speaker, has constantly interfered in the government not only of Utah but also of adjoining States. So completely does it exercise this power that it practically controls not only elections but even nominations. He described this interference in these words:

> For, the moment it is known that a candidate has the indorsement of the Church and permission of the hierarchy to be a candidate, that moment he has back of him the whole power of the Mormon Church, and his election is assured. There has been no case in which a candidate for a high office in Utah has obtained the consent of the Church to run and has been defeated.

Now, this body, Senator Burrows declared, is composed of men of whom the majority are lawbreakers: of the Twelve Apostles, eight are polygamists, and President Smith, the highest individual authority in the Church, is confessedly still practicing polygamy in defiance of the laws of the land. Moreover, the majority of the Committee are convinced that the members of this body have taken an oath of hostility to the American Nation and have thus pledged their organization to action which, if successful, would be inimical to the United States. Mr. Smoot, so Senator Burrows declares, became a member of this body of enemies to the Republic at a time when he knew that its members were lawbreakers and that it was an organization hostile to the interests and authority of this country. "I submit," said the Senator from Michigan, "that such an organization is not entitled to have its representative in the Senate of the United States, and I therefore ask the adoption of the resolution." As The Outlook has already said, the one convincing ground on which Senator Smoot can be expelled is that he is the subject of what is practically a foreign and hostile power. If he is not, there is no charge against him; but if he is, he has no more right to be in the Senate than if he were the agent of a nation at war with the United States. The issue in the Smoot case is not an issue of law or of governmental authority; in this particular case the question is one of fact. The responsibility therefore rests upon the Senate to determine whether Mr. Smoot is the representative of an enemy of the Nation, and if it decides that he is, to expel him from his seat.

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The President on Porto Rico

The President's special message on Porto Rico was one of cordial congratulation, first to the people of the island themselves for the advance they have made in commerce, education, and good government, and secondly to Congress for the admirable law under which this advance has been accomplished. The President describes briefly his own recent visit to the island, where he found a beautiful, fertile, and prosperous country. The public service is, he declares, faithful, efficient, and disinterested. The

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education of the people, not merely in schools, but also in self-government, has been the prime and vital characteristic of American rule. Character as well as knowledge has been inculcated in every way and with positive results. The time, therefore, has come, in the opinion of the President—and in this we think the American people will join—when the people of Porto Rico should be admitted to American citizenship. As has been often pointed out, although the island is a part of American territory, the native residents can only enter American ports subject to the immigration laws made for aliens. Naturally they feel aggrieved, and they ask as a matter of right and justice that their loyalty and their rapid progress along the road of civilization should be recognized by the granting of citizenship. So far as we know, there is no serious objection anywhere to this measure; and it is to be hoped that Congress will carry out the President's request promptly. Two other recommendations are included in the message. The first is that something should be done to restore the prosperity of the coffee industry in Porto Rico. The exports of sugar, tobacco, and fruit have very largely increased, and all these industries are in a good condition; but, unfortunately, what was Porto Rico's prime crop—namely, coffee—has never recovered from a disastrous hurricane; while the admission of coffee free from tariff to our market has not compensated for the closing to it of markets abroad. The second recommendation applies not only to Porto Rico, but to all the island possessions, and is eminently sensible. It is that their government should be placed in one bureau—whether in the War Department or that of State does not matter. The advantage of this plan hardly requires demonstration; for experience in one place should be directly available for the others. The President finds that the political machinery of Porto Rico is working satisfactorily. The towns have absolute autonomy, the lower house of the legislature is elective, and the courts deal with election disputes in an orderly and just way. It is true, as the President says, that it has not been altogether easy to instill into the minds of the people the two basic American political principles of majority rule and minority rights. Events have shown beyond question that a gradual education in self-government was necessary; that it would have been a mistake to have gone faster in this direction than has been done, and that the present form of government is, for the present at least, the best.

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The Nobel Prizes

In the annual award of the five Nobel prizes the strongest interest has always attached to the selection of the recipient of the prize for the best effort toward the fraternity of nations and the promotion of peace. This year this honor is bestowed upon President Roosevelt, with specific reference to his effective efforts to bring about peace between Russia and Japan. This award and the recognition involved are most grateful to the American people as well as to the President. In his reply Mr. Roosevelt declares that he is profoundly moved and touched by the signal honor, and to his thanks joins those of the United States, as the representative of which he acted in those trying days when the Portsmouth Peace Treaty hung in the balance. With the money value of the prize—a little less than $40,000—the President will establish at Washington a permanent industrial peace committee. He explains the purpose of this disposition as follows:

> The object will be to strive for better and more equitable relations among my countrymen who are engaged, whether as capitalists or wage-workers, in industrial and agricultural pursuits. This will carry out the purpose of the founder of the prize; for in modern life it is as important to work for the cause of just and righteous peace in the industrial world as in the world of nations.

The other Nobel prizes are awarded, under the will of their founder, Alfred Nobel, the distinguished Swedish scientist who died in 1896, for the most important discoveries in physics, in chemistry, in physiology or medicine, and for the most distinguished work of an idealistic tendency in the field of literature. The awards for 1906 are thus announced in the cable despatches:

> To J. J. Thomson, Professor of Experimental Physics at the University of Cam-

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bridge, England, fell the prize for researches into the nature of electricity.

M. Moissan, Professor of Chemistry at the Sorbonne, Paris, received the prize for his experiments in the isolation of fluorine, his researches regarding the nature of that element, and his application of the electric furnace to the service of science.

Professors Ramon Y. Cajal and Golgi, of Paris, won the prize for their works dealing with the anatomy of the nervous system.

To Giosue Carducci, Professor of Italian Literature at the University of Bologna, the prize for literature was awarded.

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Uniformity in Government Spelling

Whatever the arguments pro and con against the adoption by the Government, as an object-lesson to the people, of the changes in spelling recommended by the Simplified Spelling Board—and both sides of the question have been forcibly presented to The Outlook's readers in articles by Professor Brander Matthews, President Benjamin Ide Wheeler, and others—it must be admitted that it would be a lamentable state of affairs for some public documents to follow the new system while the remainder clung to the staid if inconsistent methods of the past. It is equally evident that Congress looks with strong disfavor on orthographic innovation. The President, accordingly, will not insist on the printing of executive papers sprinkled with "thrus," "thos," and "mixts," but, while retaining the improved spelling for personal and official correspondence from the White House, will allow the Public Printer to follow what the resolution passed by the House of Representatives last week calls the "standard of orthography prescribed in generally accepted dictionaries of the English language." This is in itself a rather elastic phrase, for the majority of the spellings recommended by the Simplified Spelling Board are recognized by one or more of the standard dictionaries. What the Public Printer will actually do is what every large printing or publishing house does, namely, to establish an "office style" which follows generally some one dictionary, with specified exceptions and rules as to choice when two spellings are authorized. The Committee on Printing, in its report on the subject, points out with much force the disadvantage of a dual system of spelling in one printing office, and asserts that "public sentiment, as reflected in the newspapers, magazines, and other publications, has not been favorable to the proposed innovation." Congress, it says, must deal with a condition and not a theory, and will not find safety, satisfaction, or economy in adopting changes which might very likely be unpalatable to a succeeding administration. Spelling reform, in short, is not and cannot be introduced by a limited example set by one department of the Government, but through the united action of printers, publishers, and writers following moderate recommendations from recognized experts and philologists acting in concert. The danger of a terrific conflict between White House and Congress, joyfully anticipated by some newspapers, has already been "past thru."

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Edward MacDowell

On another page Mr. Finck writes concerning one of the distinctly creative minds of America. That mind is now helpless. Edward MacDowell at the prime of life is left with his delicate, highly organized brain a poor broken instrument. We Americans cannot escape our share of responsibility for that tragic fact. America is rich in material possessions, but it has no artistic geniuses to spare; yet America has let such a man as MacDowell work himself out into final dumbness. It is not creditable to us. We have made the composer of that once popular but now forgotten ditty, "After the Ball," rich—so it is reported—but we have been content to see the composer of the "Indian Suite," the "Sonata Tragica," "Hamlet and Ophelia," the "Keltic Sonata," the "Sea Pieces," supplement his exacting but unprofitable labor of composition with the very moderately remunerative routine of the class-room for the sake of a living. Even this compensation he was not permitted to receive to the end. As Dr. van Dyke has said, "America was proud of MacDowell, and paid him in praise abundantly—but not much in money." Now that his fertile brain, his one resource, has failed him, he must be dependent

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upon others for his comfort to the end. It is but poor reparation that we can make; we can offer it, however, by responding to the appeal for contributions to the Edward MacDowell Fund of the Mendelssohn Glee Club. This fund will be administered for two purposes: first and primarily, the support of Edward MacDowell; second, the perpetuation of his name in some fitting manner. In considering plans for the second purpose, the committee in charge has decided "to adhere, so far as possible, to Mr. MacDowell's own plan for devoting the property which has for years been the home of Mr. and Mrs. MacDowell, at Peterboro, New Hampshire, to the purposes which he had most at heart." His hope, which it thus will be possible to realize, was, the committee states, "to make of this place a resting spot for students in all the arts, where quiet work and close companionship could be had—a modest sum being paid during residence in order to clear it of a possible accusation of its being a charitable institution." A few months ago there was organized the MacDowell Club of New York City, for the purpose of promoting the artistic ideals which Mr. MacDowell has by word and practice upheld. To this club the property in Peterboro has been offered, and the cordial co-operation of the club in the plan has been secured. The appeal on behalf of this fund has been signed by men conspicuous in various activities: such public men as Mr. Cleveland, Mr. Choate, Mr. Cortelyou, Mr. Jerome; such financial and industrial leaders as Andrew Carnegie, J. Pierpont Morgan, Jacob H. Schiff; such philanthropic and educational leaders as Seth Low, Robert C. Ogden, and Henry L. Higginson; such composers as Arthur Foote, Horatio Parker, Victor Herbert, F. S. Converse, and Charles Loeffler; such conductors as Emile Paur, of the Pittsburg Orchestra, Frederick A. Stock, of the Chicago Orchestra, Frank Damrosch, of New York, and B. J. Lang, of Boston; such clergymen as Dr. Henry van Dyke and Bishop Potter; and a number of the best-known musical critics. This list of names shows not only how thoroughly this plan is indorsed by men of standing, but also how widely the music of Edward MacDowell is appreciated in his own country. Contributions may be sent to E. C. Benedict, treasurer, 60 Wall Street, New York City; and further information may be had from the secretary of the committee, Allan Robinson, at the same address.

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The "Simple Life" in the South Seas

A practical experiment in the "simple life" has just come to grief in the South Seas. In 1903 Herr Lutzow, a musical director of one of the Berlin theaters, Herr Engelhardt, a vegetarian and physician of Munich, and Herr Bettman, a philosopher, together with a number of other kindred souls, chiefly authors, musicians, poets, and men of advanced or Socialistic ideas, wearied of clothes, houses, three meals per day, and the routine of ordinary life, and determined to leave behind them the effete civilization of Europe and seek in a remote isle of the Southern seas a dwelling-place where the "simple life" is still possible and where they could attend chiefly to the things of the mind and spirit with a minimum amount of trouble and care for the body. They organized a colony of Sun Brothers and set sail for their new Utopia, the place selected being Kobakon, an island situated in German New Guinea in the New Laurenburg group of the Bismarck archipelago, between New Pommern and New Mecklenburg. The island, only 165 acres in extent, seemed to them a new Eden. Cocoanut and mango trees offered choice fruit merely for the picking. The fiber of the cocoanut served them for clothes, the sun supplied heat and the sea coolness, and no bills were ever presented. They could sit in the sun when they wished to be warm, and bathe in the sea when they wished to be cool. They could give practically all their time to reading, amusement, and high thought, and live the simple life in perfection. To such an idyllic dream of existence it is sad to have to append a few hard facts. Herr Lutzow and Herr Engelhardt died, probably from lack of proper nourishment or from a too sudden change in the manner of their living;

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Herr Bettman, the philosopher, was killed by the natives, and the Sun Brothers as a colony have broken up. The survivors are glad to escape from their Eden and return to civilization sadder and wiser men and with greater respect for the institutions which a few years ago they gladly deserted; and Kobakon, the happy isle of the South Seas, is now merely another name for a social experiment that failed. The story is an instructive one, but its lesson, like that of the Brook Farm and similar experiments, will probably go unheeded. The dreamers will still dream, whether in Germany, New York, or New Jersey. And, on the whole, it is well for progress that they should. There is a divine as well as a vulgar discontent, and from the former society as a whole receives its inspiration to progress, even though as respects the dreamers themselves they may at last be compelled to write as an epitaph of their schemes, *Vanitas vanitatum.*

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Our Part in Christmas

One of the most striking features of the beautiful scene at Bethlehem which the world recalls every year as the most heavenly vision that has ever dawned upon it is the contrast between the gift and its reception; between the sky above, in which the great star shone and against which the angels chanted their sublime hymn, and the earth below, barren at midwinter, the inns full, the stable offering its poor hospitality. This contrast is a symbol of the perfection of the gift and the blindness and half-heartedness of its reception. It is often assumed that a man can give what he chooses to any person or institution selected, and complete the transaction by his own act. The world forgets that the finer the gift the more imperative the necessity of a certain preparation; the more spiritual that which is offered, the greater the demand of a certain ripeness in order to receive it. Modern society has learned that the mere bestowal of largess, without demanding anything in return, is in the last degree corrupting; it has discovered that the very impulses which prompt men to relieve poverty often conspire to create a deeper poverty; and those who have great sums to give away have learned that nothing is more difficult than to give money wisely and helpfully. For all gifts there must be some preparation. No man can receive anything without some degree of intelligence, and the higher the gift in the scale of beneficence, of enrichment, of inspiration, the deeper and finer must be the preparation for it.

God pours himself into human life. Every man can have as much of the spirit of God as he chooses; but those who receive this gift in anything like its entirety are so few that they shine like stars in the generations in which they appear. God pours himself through nature in a flood-tide of power, in a thousand exquisite disclosures of loveliness in form, shape, and color; but how few there are who, as they walk through the woods or across the fields, are open to receive what flows about them or awaits them! Most men go through the woods half blind and half deaf, unable to receive the gift which lies under the shelter of every tree and is offered in every wayside flower. In like manner, the gift of happiness is held out at every turn, and men and women walk along the highway eagerly bent on finding it, and missing it at every turn because their minds and hearts are not open to receive it; for happiness never has nestled in perishable things, nor risen like a flower out of the soil of the world. It is an immortal thing; it came from heaven; it can be received only by those whose minds and hearts are open to spiritual things. For happiness does not come in with the gifts that are bestowed upon us; it comes in when we open the door and let ourselves out to others; as we pass out of the rooms in which we live and are so occupied with the interests and happiness of others that we forget ourselves, happiness comes in, and when we return it meets us smiling on the threshold. Every year the Christ Child lies in the manger, for every year God offers himself to all men of the open mind and the loving heart. The star and the angels are always present. How shall the Christ Child be housed?

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Robert E. Lee

If any man had predicted forty years ago that the one hundredth anniversary of the birth of General Lee would be observed in all sections of the country, he would have been regarded as an unpatriotic lunatic. It is only a generation since the passion that flamed into desolating war died down into glowing coals, and these in turn have grown cold and gray. Hatred and bitterness have gone because knowledge and sympathy have made them incredible and impossible. It is not strange that men who once fought one another have become friends; that has happened many times in the history of the world. The strange thing is that it should have happened in so short a time. Indeed, the time in which this revolution of feeling has been accomplished has been so brief that Dr. Gladden was well within bounds when he called it a moral miracle.

Love always works miracles; is, indeed, the only power that works miracles, because it is the one supreme manifestation of the Infinite. It is also the only interpreter of man to man. Hate thrives on ignorance and bears its hideous fruitage in the air of misunderstanding; when the light of love breaks through the murky clouds, the evil thing dies at the roots. General Lee has long been the idol of a section; he was never hated in the North as some of his contemporaries were hated; his spirit, his bearing, the evident chivalry of his nature, made hatred impossible; but he was a leader of an attack on the Government, and he was far and away the ablest servant of the Confederacy. There could be little hatred of such a man, but there were deep and widespread animosity and bitterness of feeling.

There has come a great and beneficent change of attitude toward the Southern leader because the North has come to understand both the cause and the man. The mists of ignorance and misunderstanding have dissolved in air, and the fundamental issue has become clear. Intelligent men no longer speak of the rebellion; they speak of the civil war; if they wish to be exact, they speak of the war between the States. From the very beginning there were two versions or interpretations of the ideal of liberty held in common by the North and the South; one accepted the Federal Union and the other the State as the unit of government. A strong feeling of loyalty to the State had been developed before the Union was called into being. There is very little doubt that the majority of the men who drew up the Declaration of Independence, of the men who framed the Articles of Confederation, and of the men who adopted the Constitution held more or less strongly the view that they were organizing a confederacy of States rather than a Nation. The formal logic of this position is unanswerable; it was the logic of National development, of irresistible historical tendencies, that prevailed against it. The passion for liberty was alike in all parts of the country; in the North that passion found expression in devotion to the Union, in the South in devotion to the State. The war between the States was a conflict between these opposing ideas of the nature of the government; it was fought by men who were equally sincere, devoted, self-sacrificing, passionately loyal to their ideals of state and of liberty.

The great conflict was not fundamentally economic, though economic conditions made the issue more definite; it was not primarily a difference of conviction about slavery, though slavery brought it on and generated its bitterest passions; it was one of those tragedies, of which history is full, of conflicting ideas which cannot be solved except by an appeal to force. And, as in the case of all great tragedies, after the storm of passion there came a great peace; the bewildering clouds dissolved in clear air, through which the field, lately hidden by smoke, lay in full view; and the sequel is not the obliteration of one or other of the two forces, but the readjustment of what was true and enduring in both forces; the birth of a new era of larger sympathies and of a broader movement of life. After Shakespeare had written "Hamlet," "Othello," "Macbeth," "King Lear"—those great tragedies in which the plummet is dropped into the deeps of human experience—he wrote "Cymbeline," the "Winter's Tale," "The Tem-

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pest"—those beautiful Romances of Reconciliation, in which compassion, sympathy, self-sacrifice, and the divine insight of love bridge the chasms that hate has opened and heal the wounds of war. To the great Tragedy of the Civil War has succeeded the greater drama of Reconciliation and Reunion; the heroes begin to change places, the victories cease to be the triumphs of sections, the Nation opens its eyes and finds itself enriched for all time by a chapter in its history which it may call in the future "The War of Ideas and the Birth of Heroes."

In this transformation, this acceptance by all, of the men who were once heroes of sections, there is nothing strange; what is strange is that the heroic on each side should so soon find recognition by the other side. Two hundred and sixty years ago England was rent asunder by devastating civil strife; and the country was ablaze with hatred and anger. The Puritan thought Prince Rupert a godless Royalist enlisted in an unholy war against the children of light; the Royalist could find no words with which to express his abhorrence of Cromwell, the fanatic and traitor who had betrayed his church, his king, and his country; and Puritan and Royalist united in their condemnation of Lord Falkland, whose heart was divided between his love of order, dignity, the splendid traditions of loyalty, and his English love of liberty, hatred of tyranny, and passion for the rights of the individual. To-day, when the King goes to Westminster to open Parliament, he passes the statue of the great Protector set like a king among kings; every Englishman knows the story of Prince Rupert's dashing foray out of Oxford on a night in June, 1643, the furious ride through Oxfordshire, and the fiery charge on Chalgrove Field where Hampden fell; men of all parties honor the memory of Lord Falkland, whose heart broke under the weight of calamities which he could not avert. The change that took many decades to accomplish in England has been wrought here in a generation.

Out of the clouds and darkness General Lee emerges victorious; as Marcus Aurelius had said, "misfortune nobly borne is good fortune." His genius for war puts him among the foremost soldiers of his age; his purity, courtesy, forgetfulness of self, devotion to duty, place him in the front rank of great Americans. The bitterness of the conflict between irreconcilable duties through which he passed will be one of the noblest American traditions. "If I owned the four million slaves in the South, I would sacrifice them all to the Union," he said to Mr. Blair; "but how can I draw my sword on Virginia, my native State?" It is impossible to read the recollections of Mr. Valentine on another page, and the impressions of Professor Mims, who represents the South of to-day in its largest temper, to read the story of General Lee's splendid fight in what he probably believed from the beginning would be a losing war, to read General Horace Porter's portrayal of his noble fortitude in defeat, and to recall the immense service he rendered the country by his far-seeing acceptance of the result, without understanding the passionate love of the South for its greatest leader, and rejoicing that in his harmonious and beautiful character, his stainless life, his true chivalry of nature, the Nation has a hero to place beside her greatest; an American gentleman of the type of Bayard and Sidney and Curtis—"without fear and without reproach."

The time is not distant when in every place where the statues of heroes are placed for remembrance and for inspiration the figure of Robert E. Lee will stand among his peers; when the cities of the North will set his effigy in public places, and tell his story to children in the schools. The time is not distant when the image of Lincoln will touch the heart of every man of Southern birth with a sense of his human greatness, his human tenderness, his human wisdom, and monuments to his noble memory will rise on Southern soil; for he was the truest friend the South had in its darkest days. In such interchanges of sacrifice, nobility, and greatness the tragedies of conflicting convictions are finally reconciled and the world is moved forward into the light of a happier day.

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The House of Lords

In the British Parliament last week the hostility between the House of Lords and the House of Commons reached the open stage.

The House of Lords passed the Education Bill, not as it had been received from the House of Commons, a national measure, but as amended by itself into a religious and denominational measure. The effort made by Liberals to deliver education from ecclesiastical control was apparently frustrated. In its turn the House of Commons, by a majority of over three hundred, rejected all of the Lords' amendments. There was an apparent deadlock.

What will now take place? The bill appears to be killed. Of course the constitutional right of the House of Lords to amend a bill is unquestionable, as is its function to appeal to the Englishman's sober second thought by interposing at least a "suspensive veto" until the House of Commons shall either have passed upon the Lords' amendments or, rejecting all of the amendments, as in the present case, shall have appealed to the will of the people in a new election. There is still opportunity, however, we should say, for the House of Lords, in reply to the action by the Commons, to suggest that a compromise might be arranged. Compromises between the two Houses are accomplished in four ways: by message, by conference, by joint committee, and by select committee. Let us hope that a compromise by some one of these methods may be arranged under which the House of Commons shall accept all of the Lords' minor amendments, rejecting those incompatible with the spirit of the original measure.

If a compromise is found to be impossible, however, the Lords may confidently expect the introduction of another and perhaps more drastic bill at another session of Parliament, and they may even expect it to be accompanied by a measure to restrict the number of peers in the House of Lords. When these measures are introduced, they may be rejected by the House of Lords. The Government will then appeal to the will of the people on the subject of education, if not on that of mending or ending the Upper House. With a popular mandate in their favor, if the Lords shall then thwart the will of the people, the Commons might themselves mend or end the Upper House. They might mend it by making it a restricted body, or even by reducing its authority. They might end the Upper House by proclaiming its extinction by means of their own fiat.

The House of Lords consists of peers who hold their seats first by right of heredity; second, by creation of the sovereign; third, by virtue of office, as in the case of the English bishops; fourth, by election for life, as in the case of the Irish peers; and, lastly, by election for the duration of Parliament, as in the case of the Scottish peers. The number of names on the roll of peers last year was 591.

The principal grievance against the House of Lords is that its membership is so largely composed of peers who hold their seats by hereditary right. There are many Englishmen who have long chafed under the law of primogeniture, as may be seen in the growing protests against the present land monopoly, by which the older sons of the great families control for their pleasure and sport much of the land which would otherwise minister to the people's agricultural needs. An increasing number of Englishmen are beginning to feel that it is intolerable that England should also suffer from a political monopoly and tyranny. Hereditary and other peers are naturally conservative in politics, but, in addition, during the years which have elapsed since the Liberal Cabinet was last in power, or since 1886, it is not surprising to note that the Conservative majority in the House of Lords has become greater, so that now four-fifths of the peers are Conservative-Unionists.

The most statesmanlike peers themselves—and England has always had many such—are well aware of their legislative unpopularity. For instance, last week, in the House of Lords, the Marquis of Lansdowne, the Conservative leader, declared that the members of that body should be very politic, since they are not popular. To show how politic they

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should be, to the astonishment of most, he actually recommended the passage of the famous Trade Disputes Bill. Now, this measure annuls the historic Taff-Vale decision (which made trades unions liable for damages), puts labor organizations into a special class by themselves, and grants to them privileges and immunities enjoyed by no other class in England. Such a measure is not only obnoxious to Conservatives as a whole, but also to many Liberals. Its workings may be mischievous; but, in Lord Lansdowne's opinion, as in that of the Liberal Premier, the essential principle underlying this bill was a direct issue at the last general election. After an extensive discussion among the voters, the polling indicated a clear, unmistakable, popular, and specific mandate for its enactment; indeed, according to the Conservative leader, we may judge that the election turned on the question involved in the bill. Lord Lansdowne thus bows to the popular mandate, and, in his capacity as leader of an overwhelming majority in the Upper House, recommends his followers not to use their constitutional right of obstruction, but to pass a measure which certainly would have been rejected in that House but for the expression of popular will at the election.

But why should the Lords reject one Liberal measure and accept another? Because, answers Lord Lansdowne, they are on an entirely different footing; while there was a clear mandate for the Trade Disputes Bill, the mandate for the Education Bill was by no means so clear. If this be true, the Lords, we think, are pursuing a logical course. But is it true?

Despite Lord Lansdowne's shrewd statesmanship, English peers will be well advised to remember that the increasing number of radicals in their country regard the present House of Lords as an irresponsible anomaly. In the interests of wise parliamentary government, we hope that English peers may heed such signs of the times as the surprisingly large Liberal vote at the recent elections, achieved only by the help of the radicals, and the rise to power of a special labor party.

English political movements differ from those on the Continent in being soberer and less transitory. The Education Bill quite as much as the Trade Disputes Bill was a protest by a really oppressed people. Rulers by divine right and legislators by hereditary right belong to the age of oppression. The House of Lords, therefore, will do well to reform itself, as it may if it will; if not, the House of Commons, representing the nation, will either mend it or end it.

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Learning to Know How

"Now that I know how." That, as Miss McCracken reports on another page, was the way a pupil in the Manhattan Trade School for Girls explained why she liked her work; it also explained why she did it well. Industrial education is simply learning how to do things. In the phrase she used that girl indicated where lies the value of industrial education.

It is a common mistake to imagine that industrial education is merely the acquirement of a trade. Objection to industrial education is sometimes heard from leaders of trades unions. It is almost always based on this mistake. The instruction of a number of people in a trade, it is argued, will not benefit wage-workers; it will rather lower their value by increasing the supply of labor in that trade. Objection to industrial education for negroes or Indians is frequently heard from anxious friends of the two races. It will make them, it is exclaimed, mere hewers of wood and drawers of water. Such opposition would be justifiable if industrial education were merely the transformation of men and women into machines. It could in that case be defended on neither economic nor moral grounds. As a matter of fact, however, there is no other form of education which this country needs more, both for the promotion of its economic prosperity and for the development of character in its citizens.

On economic grounds industrial education is needed. Speaking before the Society for the Promotion of Industrial Education, Mr. Frank A. Vanderlip declared recently that the extraordinary prosperity of the United States as an

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exporting nation was not due in any respect to skill in handicraft; that as a Nation we owed our wealth to our natural resources, to our inventiveness, and to our organizing ability; but not at all to the fineness of our workmanship. There lies, he indicated, our weakness. Our resources may be exhausted; our inventions and our commercial organizations are being imitated by other nations; our hold upon the markets of the world is therefore insecure. Germany, on the other hand, which is barren of resources and which is not particularly eminent for inventiveness or organizing ability, is becoming a greater and greater commercial power; simply because Germany excels in craftsmanship. In other words, the United States does not, while Germany does, put into its products the value that comes from the human element. And Germany is able to do this because Germany has fostered industrial education. If the United States were to follow Germany's example, it would enormously increase the money value of all that it produces. Industrial education is not the mere encouragement of specialization; that is better accomplished by making more and more ingenious machines; industrial education is the creation of skill. And skill is not merely the doing of work well, but is the knowing how to do work well. Skill, as the girl explained, means interest, and interest supplies the human element.

With such an interest in his work comes direct advantage to the wage-earner. To make a wage-earner an efficient machine may increase his economic value to his employer, but may be of injury to himself. To make a wage-earner a skilled workman—one who puts the human element into his work, a craftsman—is to increase his economic value to himself. Real industrial education, therefore, increases the economic prosperity of the country by raising the economic status of all who are industrially educated. This is the truth that has been perceived by Dr. Booker Washington, and by General Armstrong before him; by the friends of the Manhattan Trade School, and by the founders of the Society for the Promotion of Industrial Education.

But more than this: on moral grounds industrial education is needed. Industrial education, if it is genuine, not only makes more efficient and valuable workers, it makes better men and women. It is something not merely for wage-earners; it is invaluable for all the people; not merely for the people who work with their hands, but also for those who, as the saying is, work with their brains. As a matter of fact, all intelligent work, whether made visible and tangible by the hands or not, is brain work. Industrial education does not consist in substituting hands for brains, or cultivating the hands at the expense of the brains; it consists in putting brains into hand work, or, to express it in another way, it consists in training that part of the brain which is developed only by bodily activity. Industrial education is good both for the person whose labor is chiefly manual, for it enlists his brain in that labor, and for the person whose labor is chiefly intellectual, for it gives him a better-developed brain to work with. More than that, there is no better way than by industrial education to put joy into work. To work with zest is not the result of instinct—it is the result of training. "Now that I know how" is the explanation for both intelligent and joyous labor.

Once the boy and girl on the farm got their industrial education at home. The girl had to assist with the family sewing and housework, the boy made ox yokes and built fences. It is true that they went to school, but they went simply to get the three R's, which they could not get at home. The home was the real educational center; the school merely supplemented it. That industrial education which not only made the pioneers high in economic value (one has only to compare them with the peasants of Europe), but also gave them some of their finest traits of character, has disappeared from the home; it must now be adopted by the schools. Such institutions as Hampton, Northfield, the Manhattan Trade School, are setting an example, not only for our public schools, but also for our private schools and universities. The future development of the United States in economic welfare and in Na-

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tional character will be determined in no small degree by the intelligence and promptness with which that example is followed.

❀

The Spectator

"There's where the Monitor and Merrimac had their scrap," said the skipper, pointing vaguely out over Hampton Roads. "They talked of giving a regular show of it next year, but they thought twice, and decided it wasn't just the thing. Old-time history is what they're going to stick to; and Jamestown has got plenty of it. The Plymouth people had only one ship. But the Jamestown ones had three—the Susan Constant, the Godspeed, and the Discovery; and they're all to be anchored, as large as life, in the Exposition harbor. The Columbus caravels won't be in it. Some folks undertook to say, when the naval part of it was talked about, that there wasn't anchorage enough here for all the ships that would come. But when they figured it out, they found you could anchor whole navies here, and leave room for all the excursion steamers in America."

❀

It certainly seemed a fit place for a naval and historic celebration, as far as the water went. The land looked less promising as the little boat steered in. The Jamestown Exposition has selected a strategic point, as far as Norfolk, Old Point Comfort, Hampton Roads, and the Capes are concerned. Ocean vessels, excursion steamers, and the railways, all find it easy of access. But the grounds do not occupy the entire point, the western side, where the Spectator landed, being pre-empted by an amusement company, whose beach is of the Coney Island order, with Ferris wheels, merry-go-rounds, shooting galleries, toboggan slides, restaurants, and a general air of cheap hilarity which is distinctly modern and undesirable. Luckily, this will not be the landing-place in Exposition time, when a fine breakwater, on the northern side, will reach two inclosing arms out into the bay opposite Old Point, and welcome and shelter any number of craft. The trolley, too, from Norfolk will run straight to the Exposition entrances; so that the Spectator's approach was not that which the Exposition comer will make—which is a good thing. Past the shows and slides, the road entered a zone of lots for sale and to rent, still outside the Exposition concessions. This will be the fringe of the grounds, with hotels and lodging-houses, restaurants, etc., probably, galore. All, however, will have the fine view and the ocean air that are inalienable. But the Spectator rejoiced when he got past them, and met the uncompromising ten-foot-high wire fence that runs around the four hundred acres of the Exposition, and that has already been covered with the creeping fingers of the honeysuckle, planted thick for that purpose. A charming barrier it will be when the fragrant masses of blooming honeysuckle shut out the outside world and make a stockade more beautiful than a Jamestown colonist ever dreamed of.

❀

Once inside the wire fence, the main avenue opened before the Spectator. Out of the sand and bushes of the waste land of the Point the fairy wand of the landscape gardener was making something very different. Palmetto and laurel, vine and shrub and tree, are all being busily planted here in a central belt between two roads which stretch from the entrance straight across the grounds, running in front of the Administration Building. A magnificent grove of lofty pine-trees rises by the water, near where the pier is to be. Men were busy like ants everywhere, digging foundations, opening roads, planting, and building. As in the Arabian Nights, a fair city was rising in the waste. The Spectator looked before him, over the toiling workmen, to the bay, viewing, in imagination, the coming pageants on sea and land. The boat of the Argonauts, the galleys of Phœnicia, the Roman trireme, Cleopatra's barge, the high prowed ships of the Norsemen, are all to float and maneuver on the sea. Every nation's flag will be fluttered by the winds of the Chesapeake. "Even Switzerland, which

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hasn't any ships, is going to send her Minister to represent her," the Spectator's companion remarked.

❀

"But how about the Jamestown part?" asked the Spectator. He was at once shown the spot, on the edge of the bay, where the old Jamestown settlement, ruined tower and all, is to be reproduced to the last detail. History is to be rampant. The Pennsylvania committee have erected a facsimile of Independence Hall as their State building. If other States carry out this idea, a visit to the Exposition will indeed be a liberal education in Colonial history. It has been suggested that a "John Smith Day"—a Home Week for the unnumbered Smith family, as it were—should be one of the popular features. The Spectator would not like to try to get inside the gate on that day, spacious though the grounds appear. All the navies of the world shrink to insignificance in comparison with all the Smiths in America.

❀

"From the pier," said the Spectator's friend, "steamers will leave continually for old Jamestown itself—the real island, less than forty miles away. It was impossible, for many reasons, to have the Exposition on the actual spot. But it will be near enough for every one to visit"—which fact the Spectator can swear to, for he went next day himself, and found it not much further than across to Cape Charles. It is a very good thing that the Exposition is removed from the actual historic Jamestown, for it is much more impressive to leave the present behind and follow the wake of the old colonists to the lonely island where the past reigns supreme—except that the present charges a quarter for admittance. The ruined ivy-covered tower is eloquent of interesting associations. Yet the turf under foot is more eloquent still, for the first little church was of wood, long before the brick one of the tower was built at all. Here, with wild flowers on the altar and one great velvet chair for the royal Governor, the Virginian colonists held their services. Pocahontas plighted troth on this spot with John Rolfe. The first House of Burgesses, the earliest legislative assembly in America, convened here. Then the brick church was built, as the colony flourished, and stood till all Jamestown was burned in Bacon's Rebellion, in 1676. The Colonial Dames are to rebuild this old brick church, in readiness for next year, and leave it as a memorial of the tercentennial. The ruined tower, all that is now left of it, stands among ragged trees, and is not more than five or six times a man's height. Yet it is a landmark, in full view of every passing vessel, and around it lie the tombs of Berkeleys and Sherwoods and the rest of the early colonists of that first struggling half-century. Only a few are distinguishable. Most of them, though they may have been famous Members of Council and men and women of high degree, are sleeping unknown under the cool, tufted green, "waiting for a Ioyfull Resurrection," as the tombstones that do exist declare.

❀

The more the Spectator sees of the historic beginning-places of America, the more he admires the pluck of the forefathers of the Republic. Jamestown and Plymouth, each in its own way, must have been heartbreaking spots to settle. Only an Anglo-Saxon with the land-hunger could have pitched his tent in either of them. Standing on the shore of old Jamestown, looking down the river, the Spectator beheld in imaginative retrospect the Susan Constant, the Godspeed, and the Discovery coming up from the sea, three centuries ago, and bearing the future with them. What would John Smith and Pocahontas and Raleigh and Lord Delaware think of the Monitor and Merrimac, the navies maneuvering in Hampton Roads, the historic pageants of Jamestown? The Jamestown settlers had dreams; but what dream so large as the accomplished reality that the tercentennial bodies forth? Only three centuries from a tiny, helpless settlement to a world-power! This world is not so prosaic as stay-at-homes think. The pioneers are the ones who understand it, after all.

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GLORIA IN EXCELSIS

A CHRISTMAS CAROL

BY THE RT. REV. THE LORD BISHOP OF TRURO

I.

Oh, what are ye seeking, ye shepherds of sheep,
All under the stars in the night?
We seek for the place where the angels did say
Christ reigns in the glory of light.
Be merry, good people, set sorrow aside,
For Jesus our Saviour was born on this tide.

II.

All under the stars in the cold and the snow,
Oh Mary, thou Mother and Maid,
Can this be the place where the King of all kings
A child in a manger is laid?
Be merry, etc.

III.

A Child in a manger with ox and with ass,
Asleep in the straw of the stall.
Can this be the King and the Saviour of men,
The Maker and Master of all?
Be merry, etc.

IV.

Yea, hark to the songs of the angels of God
Borne on through the spaces of night,
"On earth be there Peace unto men of goodwill,
And glory to God in the height."
Be merry, etc.

V.

Thrice glory to God in the highest we sing,
For Jesus was born on this day,
"The Word became flesh and did dwell among men,
The Life and the Truth and the Way."
Be merry, etc.

C. W. S.

Deanery, Ely, November 18, 1906.

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GLORIA IN EXCELSIS

A CHRISTMAS CAROL

The Words by The Right Reverend
The Lord Bishop of Truro

The Music by T. Tertius Noble
Organist of York Minster

Very smoothly.

About ♩ = 72.
mf
O what are ye seek - ing, ye shep - herds of sheep, All
mf
un - der the stars in the night?.... We seek for the
cresc.
place where the an - gels did say Christ reigns in the Glo - ry of
f
ff
p
light..... Be mer - ry, good peo - ple, set sor - row a -
poco rit.
mf
side, For Je - sus our Sav - iour was born on this tide.

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LEE

BY KATE LANGLEY BOSHER

A passion of conflict—Country or State!
Allegiance or loyalty!—which clearer the call?
Man of the nation, a name blazoned high
On escutcheons of glory—
Should he part with the past in which they—his people—
Had writ deep and fast,
LEE!

Harsh, bitter, and cruel the struggle.
Then—white and undimmed
The altar of Duty shone out of the dusk,
And LOVE burned away all dreaming of dross.
But he knew not, when yielding one sword for another,
He had carved on the heart of his country forever,
LEE!

Richmond, Virginia.

Reminiscences of General Lee

BY EDWARD V. VALENTINE.

IT was Thorwaldsen's good fortune (he may have thought it at the time his ill fortune) to model a bust of Lord Byron. Be that as it may, the sculptor had no little difficulty in the prosecution of his work, for before the sittings had fairly begun trouble had already developed. The genial artist himself tells the story of the morbid poet's posings for him. He says: "When this nobleman came to sit for me in my atelier, he took a seat opposite me and put on directly a strange expression entirely different from his natural one. 'My lord,' I said to him, 'please keep perfectly still, and I beg of you do not look so disconsolate.' 'It is my natural expression,' replied Byron. 'Really,' I said; and without paying attention to this affectation, I began to work in my own way. When the bust was finished, everybody thought it a striking likeness, but my lord was dissatisfied. 'This face is not mine,' he said. 'I look far more unhappy than that'—for he was positively bent on looking miserable!"

Possibly, if I were asked to name the most characteristic feature of General Robert E. Lee, who sat for me for a bust in 1870, my answer would be, "A complete absence of the melodramatic in all that he said and did." And I may add that an artist, above all other men, is quick to observe the faintest suggestion of posing; the slightest indication of a movement or expression which smacks of vanity he is sure to detect. Such weaknesses (which, as far as I know, are shared by many who are called the "great ones" of the world) were totally lacking in General Lee.

In my diary (which, with the omission of a single entry, I have kept since 1857) I have endeavored to note down the very words of my sitters at times; and only on one occasion did General Lee make the slightest remark in regard to the likeness which would lead me to believe that he had critically been watching the progress of the work, and this was when the bust was in an unfinished condition.

On the 25th of May, 1870, General Lee was at my studio in Richmond, and it was my great privilege to make accurate measurements of his face for the bust. His stay in the city was a short one. I was able to take only this impor-

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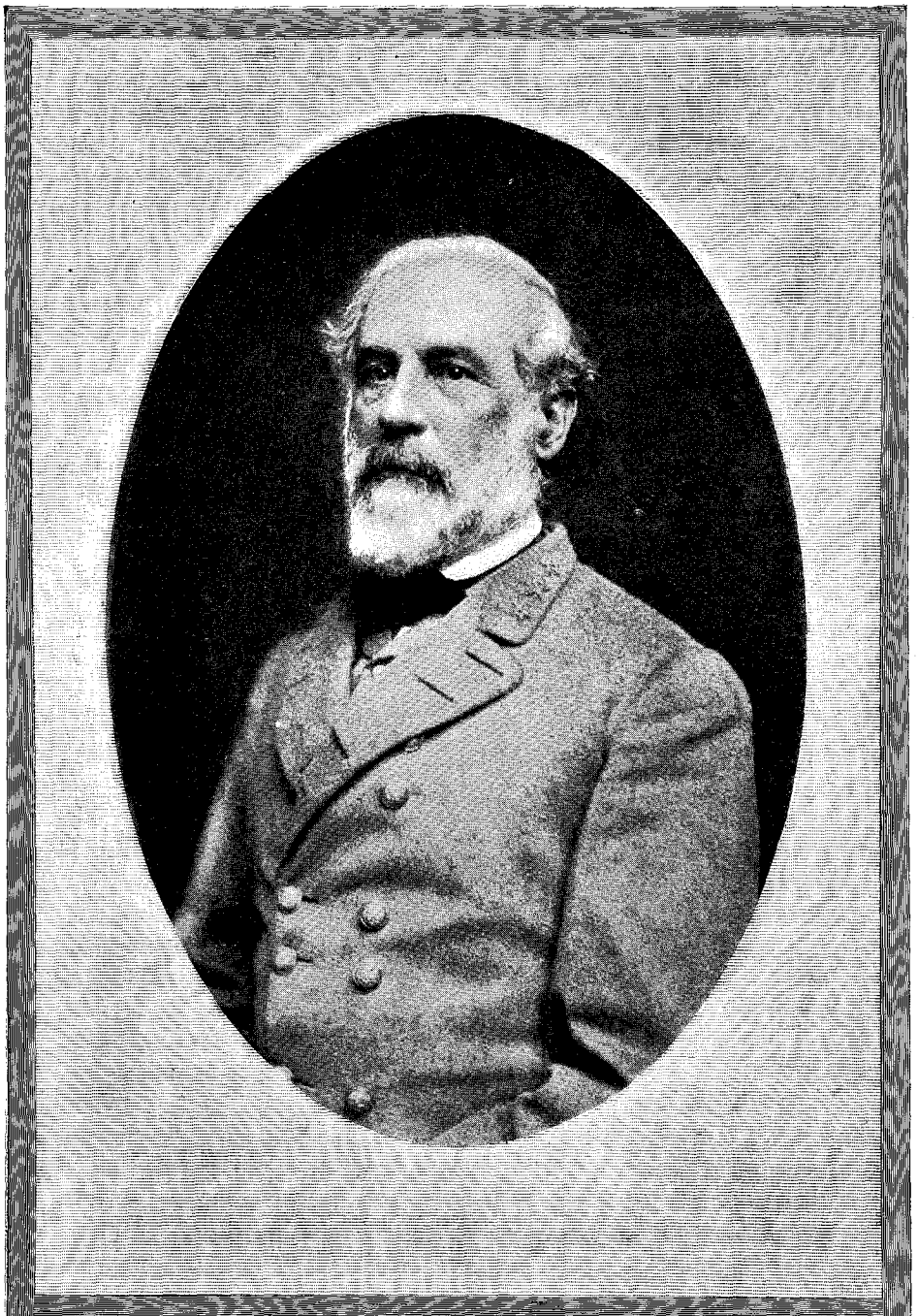

GENERAL LEE DURING THE WAR

This portrait of General Lee is from a photograph taken in Richmond, Virginia, during the Civil War, for Mr. Valentine, the sculptor, author of this article. General Lee disliked having his photograph taken, but as this photograph was to be used by Mr. Valentine in some professional work, which he subsequently did, General Lee was persuaded by Mrs. Lee to sit for the photograph. Three negatives were taken at the time, of which this is by far the most characteristic.

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tant preliminary step, yet it was on that occasion that I experienced for the first time his quiet sense of humor. During the conversation I had with him on that day I spoke of how my fortunes had changed since the war, possibly with the expectation of hearing some very sympathetic words from him; but to my surprise he simply remarked that "an artist ought not to have too much money." I am sure that he had at the moment no conception of the condition of my purse, for in less than ten days after this conversation I had to borrow from a relative the necessary funds to go to Lexington to model the bust which I have mentioned. Maybe, however, it was for my consolation that later in the conversation he said, "Misfortune nobly borne is good fortune." At the moment I thought the sentiment was original with him, but some time after his death, while my wife was reading aloud the 'Meditations of Marcus Aurelius," I discovered that it was a quotation from that author. At any rate, no more appropriate epitaph could be carved on the tomb of the great Virginian.

Just before parting with the General I remarked that I would go to Lexington then or in the fall, and he replied that he would have more time at the latter season, but that I had better go then. The fact of his appointing an early date for the sittings made the impression on my mind that he was at the moment thinking of the uncertainty of life. Had I waited until the fall, possibly I should never have had him pose for me. He died October 12.

On June 3, 1870, I left Richmond for Lexington by way of the Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad, going via Goshen Pass, made ever memorable by the words of another great Virginian, Commodore Matthew Fontaine Maury, who on his death-bed asked that his remains be taken through this beautiful defile "when the laurels are in bloom." I arrived in Lexington by stage early the next morning, and called on General Lee at his residence. He was very kind in his manner; showed me the portraits hanging on the wall; and then I started to seek a room where I might model the bust. After an unsuccessful search for this temporary studio, I reported to the General, who possibly from my manner saw that I was disappointed in not finding one. At any rate, he said, "You can work in here," speaking of the room on the left in the front hall. I at once remarked that there was a carpet on the floor. "I will have that taken up," he said. But I preferred not to accept his kind offer, and in a further hunt I found a vacant store under the hotel on the main street. Unfortunately, it had been closed I know not how long, and I feared the dampness. Although it was in June, I had a fire lighted, for I had noticed that the General would put his hand on his breast from time to time, probably suffering with a heart trouble that followed an attack of pneumonia after the battle of Fredericksburg.

The day of my arrival the General walked with me up into the town. Stopping at a store where he espied an acquaintance (Mr. Archibald Alexander), he said, "Mr. Archie, here is a young gentleman from Richmond who has come to make a bust of me. I wish you would sit for him."

All such jokes could but be reassuring to me, and I began to feel less dread at being closeted for days with this great man.

After the sittings began we were in reality closeted. I had been requested by him not to allow any one to come into the room—"no one but Professor White and my son Custis," he said. That suited me exactly. Seeing the earnest manner in which I went to the work, he gave me every advantage. I carefully studied the face, and told him I would like to see his mouth. He knew what that meant, and I raised his mustache and took measurements of his lips. While the work was progressing he would from time to time entertain me with reminiscences and anecdotes. He seemed to be fond of speaking of his boyhood, swimming in the Potomac—of his teacher, Weir, at West Point, and of the Mexican War. I was also much interested in hearing his comments on persons and things of a more recent date.

I think from the beginning that the General must have seen that I was fond

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of humor. So I am, but it is very doubtful whether there was much levity about me when I approached for the first time this grand idol of the South. I had been told of his noble simplicity, of his gentle and kindly bearing, but I confess that I could never appreciate how these qualities could ever neutralize the inquietude which I felt until I was once in his company. He who poses for a bust or a portrait may be expected to look his best, or what at least may appear to him his best. I could observe no difference in General Lee's manner when he was sitting for me from that which was his ordinary bearing. After I had made some progress with the work, he very quietly remarked, "They say Custis is like me. Let him come now and sit for you."

One day during the sittings he asked me if I knew a certain sculptress, and then began repeating, or trying to repeat, some syllables of the name. I knew whom he meant as soon as he asked me the question, but I let him shoot at the name two or three times before I called it, and on doing so he said: "Oh, that is the name! Well, the lady wrote me a very polite letter in which she asked if I would give her sittings for a bust, at the same time inclosing photographs of some of her works which were not too profusely draped. In her letter she also asked when she could come to make the bust, and a friend, who had been looking at the pictures, suggested July or August, as the most of her works seemed to have been done in the summer-time."

Every artist of experience in portraiture appreciates the advantage of being able to work from a costume which he knows has been worn by the subject whom he has to represent. I could not expect to get a whole costume, but I did desire to be the possessor of a pair of the General's military boots. The question was how to get them. I at last thought of the expedient of approaching the subject by telling my sitter an anecdote of an office-seeker who begged that President Andrew Jackson would consider his claim as a Minister to England. In reply the man was told that there was already a Minister at the Court of St. James's. Then the applicant desired to be sent as Secretary of Legation, but was told that that office was also filled. Then he wished to be sent as Consul, but there was no vacancy. "Well, then," said the importunate man, "will you give me the place of Vice-Consul?" "And there is no vacancy there either," said "Old Hickory," sharply. "Well, then, Mr. President, would you give me a pair of old boots?"

"That is what I would like to have you do for me, General," said I.

"I think there is a pair at the house that you can have," said he. And the next morning the General brought them under his arm to my working-room, and they are now safely stored in a bank in Richmond. While I prize them most highly, they were not exactly what I wanted. I was in hopes that he would give me a pair of military boots similar to those which I have often worked from, though I have found difficulty in getting a man of any size who could pose in them for me. They were too large for the General. The size of the pair he gave me is Number 4½ C, and they are dress boots. Written on the lining is the following: R. E. Lee, U. S. A.

While on the subject of costume, I may mention that the General wore a colonel's uniform in the army. There was scarcely any possibility of his ever being mistaken for an under officer, however, but on one occasion a subordinate seemed not to recognize him. It was a little captain, and I have the story from an old soldier who witnessed the incident. A road had been very badly blocked by wagons, and General Lee, seeing that it was impassable, rode up and ordered the said captain to have it cleared. With an oath, the little fellow refused to obey the command. The order was repeated, and again disobeyed. "General Lee orders you to remove those wagons!" said the Commander. And no sooner had the name fallen upon the ears of the refractory captain than his shoulders fell upon the wheels of the wagons with all the strength he had. My informant, who had been highly amused at this scene between the Southern leader and his subaltern, stated that after the General had disappeared he approached the captain and asked him

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in a whisper, "Who's that old gem'man you was talkin' to jest now?"

The experience of an acquaintance of mine is another illustration of the humor of the General. When hostilities were about to begin, this gentleman, in great despondence, reported to the General that it would require some time for the old flint-lock "shooting-irons" of his company to be changed into percussion locks. He was in a dilemma, and the only way that the General could suggest to get him out of his difficulty was to "telegraph to Mr. Lincoln to have the war put off for three weeks."

As far as I could judge, with the exception of the General's family, my friend the late Professor J. J. White, of Washington and Lee University, was the closest person in Lexington to him. The two were accustomed to take long rides on horseback together. On one of these rides they were overtaken by darkness, and had to stop over night at a farm-house by the road. It so happened that there was only one vacant room in the house and one bed in that, which, to his horror, the Professor found that he had to share with his old Commander. It had to be done, but he said that he "would as soon have thought of sleeping with the Archangel Gabriel as with General Lee." He lay for the night on the very edge of the bed, and did not sleep a wink.

While General Lee never posed himself, I thought it would be to my advantage to secure pictures of him in different positions. He kindly consented to go to a photograph gallery, and I had several taken of him.

On one other occasion during my visit to Lexington he passed through another ordeal. Mrs. Lee, being an invalid, could not go to the room where the bust was modeled. It had to be removed to her parlor, where were assembled a number of visitors. There he was by the good wife turned in different positions and the bust compared with the original, all of which he submitted to without a murmur.

The last time I ever saw General Lee was on a summer's afternoon when I called to take leave of him at his house. A gentleman and two ladies were in the parlor at the time. During the conversation the General made a remark which was calculated to startle the company. "I feel that I have an incurable disease coming on me," he said—"old age. I would like to go to some quiet place in the country and rest."

In my profession I meet many intelligent strangers from all sections of this country and from abroad, all of whom I find genuinely interested in everything connected with General Lee. Those who had the privilege of his personal acquaintance at once recognize a character in which were blended the noblest qualities of mind and heart.

A few expressions of his which are so far probably unknown tell the story of his life, and I cannot close without adding them:

THE TEST OF A TRUE GENTLEMAN

The forbearing use of power does not only form a touchstone, but the manner in which an individual enjoys certain advantages over others is the test of a *true gentleman.*

The power which the strong have over the weak, the magistrate over the citizen, the employer over the employed, the educated over the unlettered, the experienced over the confiding, even the clever over the silly—the forbearing or inoffensive use of all this power or authority, or a total absence from it when the case admits it, will show the gentleman in plain light. The gentleman does not needlessly or unnecessarily remind an offender of a wrong he may have committed against him. He can not only forgive, he can forget; and he strives for that nobleness of self and mildness of character which impart sufficient strength to let the past be the past.

A true gentleman of honor feels humbled himself when he cannot help humbling others.

To conclude, the whole is summed up in one single remark which I shall never forget. To those who have read that most entertaining book, "Four Years with Marse Robert," by the late Major Robert Stiles, the following sentence will be of interest. It forcibly indicates what General Lee thought "the best thing in the world." During the sittings I spoke of Major Stiles, of his cleverness, his culture, his bravery and other attractive qualities, and the General added: "And, better than all, he is a Christian gentleman."

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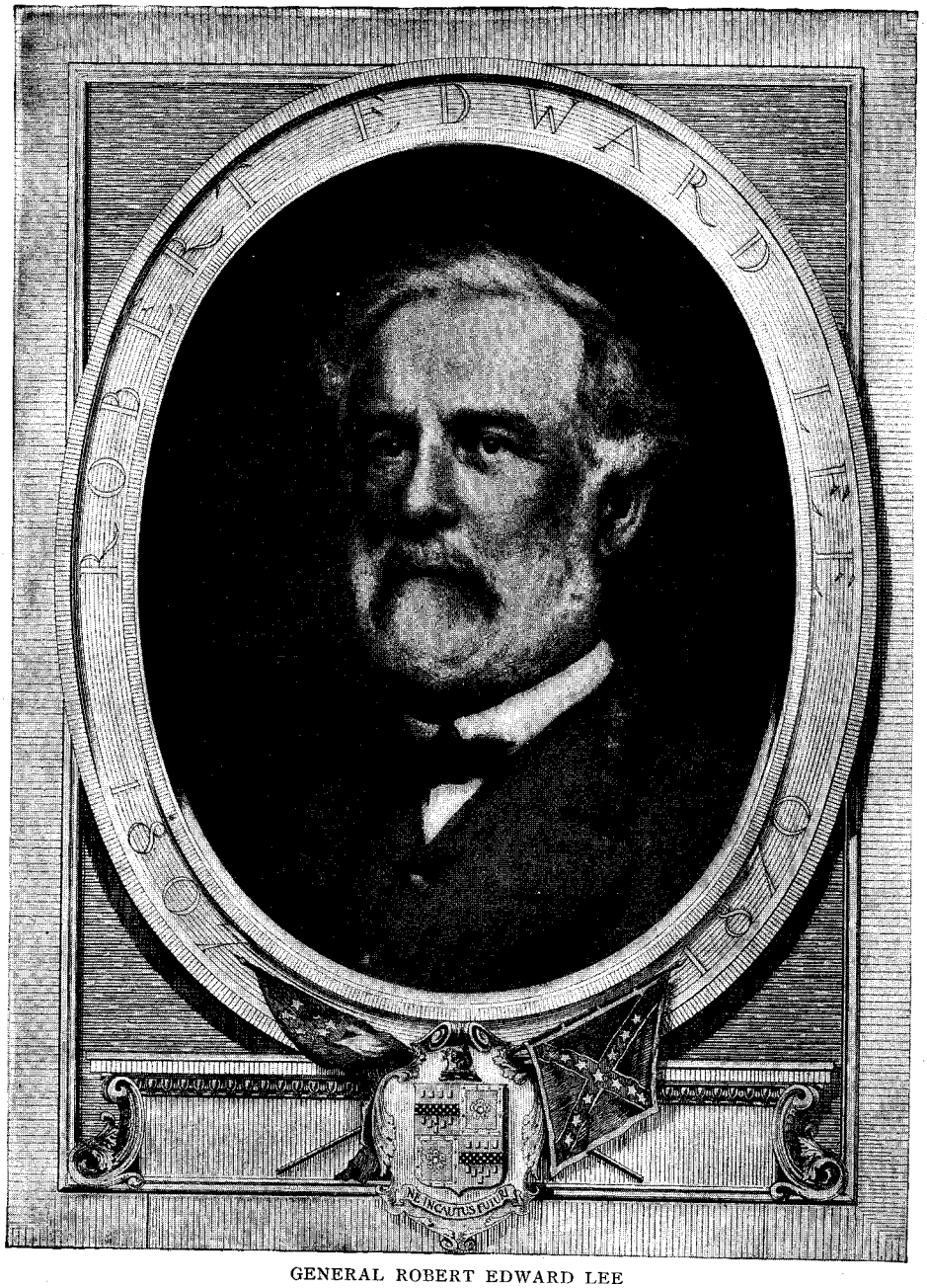

GENERAL ROBERT EDWARD LEE

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LEE'S SURRENDER AT APPOMATTOX

BY GENERAL HORACE PORTER, LL.D.

ON the morning of April 9, 1865, General Grant, mounted upon his favorite bay horse Cincinnati, was riding with his staff along the road leading from Farmville to Appomattox Court House. At a point about nine miles east of the latter place he received the following letter:

General:

I received your note of this morning on the picket line, whither I had come to meet you and ascertain definitely what terms were embodied in your proposal of yesterday with reference to the surrender of this army. I now request an interview, in accordance with the offer contained in your letter of yesterday, for that purpose.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,
R. E. LEE,
General.

Lieutenant-General U. S. Grant,
Commanding U. S. Armies.

General Grant, after reading this communication, dismounted, sat down on the grassy bank by the roadside, and wrote the following reply:

General R. E. Lee, Commanding C. S. Army:

Your note of this date is but this moment (11:50 A.M.) received, in consequence of my having passed from the Richmond and Lynchburg road to the Farmville and Lynchburg road. I am at this writing about four miles west of Walker's Church, and will push forward to the front for the purpose of meeting you. Notice sent to me on this road where you wish the interview to take place will meet me.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,
U. S. GRANT,
Lieutenant-General.

The General handed this note to Colonel Babcock, of the staff, with directions to take it to General Lee by the most direct route, and then, remounting his horse, rode on at a trot towards Appomattox Court-House.

At one o'clock we arrived at this place, which was a little town consisting of six houses. We met Sheridan near the court-house. Grant greeted him with the words, "How are you, Sheridan? Do you know where Lee is?" Sheridan answered, "Yes, he is in that brick house." "Well, then, we will go over," said Grant. In front of the house was Colonel Babcock's orderly, who said he had been ordered to post himself in the road to look out for General Grant and tell him where Lee was. He informed General Grant that General Lee, Colonel Babcock, and a Confederate officer had gone into the house half an hour before.

I learned afterwards from Colonel Babcock that he had gone a little more than half a mile beyond Appomattox before he met General Lee. The General was lying down to rest close to the roadside upon some fence-rails over which a blanket had been spread. Colonel Marshall, the military secretary of General Lee, came forward to receive the note. General Lee sat up, read the communication from General Grant, and said to Colonel Marshall, "We will advance on the road with this officer."

The three rode along to the edge of the little town, and there met a man in his shirt-sleeves whose name was Wilmer McLean. Lee said to him, "I want to occupy a room in a house here for a short time for a conference." McLean led them to the first house and said, "Come right in here." Lee looked around and remarked: "Isn't there a more commodious house in the town than this?" McLean replied, "Yes, come right on to my house." He then ushered them into his house, which was by far the best one in the town. They were sitting in his front room when we came up. This house was a brick structure two stories high. It had a porch running the whole length of it in front, with seven steps leading up to it. There was a yard in front and some stables in

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the rear. General Lee, Colonel Marshall, and Colonel Babcock entered the room on the left of the hall, and there awaited General Grant's arrival. As we approached the house we saw a large iron-gray horse with his bridle off nibbling the grass in the front yard, with an orderly in charge of him. It was General Lee's famous horse "Traveler." A dark-colored mare alongside proved to be Colonel Marshall's. General Grant entered the room alone, the staff remaining outside, as they thought the General might want to have the interview in private. General Lee arose from his chair. General Grant advanced towards him and extended his hand, saying, "General Lee," and the two shook hands cordially. In a few minutes Colonel Babcock came to the front door, and, making a motion with his hat toward the sitting-room, said to the staff: "General Grant says come in." We entered quietly and ranged ourselves about the sides of the room. Several general officers of the Union army came in afterwards.

There was a table in the far corner with a marble top, almost square, scalloped a little on the corners, close to which Lee was sitting. Grant was seated beside a small oval-shaped wooden table in the middle of the room. The two distinguished commanders were about eight feet apart, and facing each other.

The contrast between these illustrious men was singularly striking. General Grant was forty-three years of age, quite slim, and weighed only one hundred and thirty pounds. He was five feet eight inches in height, with shoulders slightly stooped. He wore a soldier's blouse and soldier's trousers, with nothing to indicate his rank but the shoulder-straps of a lieutenant-general. His slouch hat was lying on the table. He had on a pair of partly worn brown-colored thread gloves, which he took off soon after he went into the room. He was without sword, sash, or spurs. He wore a pair of ordinary top-boots with his trousers inside. These as well as his clothes were spattered with mud. His hair was a dark brown, with no trace of gray.

Lee was sixteen years his senior. He stood six feet and an inch in height. He wore a new uniform of Confederate gray, buttoned up to the throat, and a handsome sword and sash. The sword was of exceedingly fine workmanship. It had been presented to him by some ladies in England who sympathized with his cause. His full beard and hair were in color a silver gray. He had a thick head of hair, except in front, where it had become a little thin. His spurs were handsome and had very large rowels. He wore a pair of top-boots which seemed to be perfectly new and which were stitched with red silk. His gray hat, matching in color his uniform and a pair of gray gauntlets, apparently new, had been thrown on the table by his side. A stranger seeing the marked difference in the attire of the two men might very naturally have come to the conclusion that Grant was the conquered and Lee the victor. Colonel Marshall, when I asked him afterward how it came that on this Sunday morning they appeared in such fine clothes, prepared apparently to go to church, while we were in a condition that scarcely rose to the dignity of even the "shabby genteel," explained that they were pressed so closely that they had to abandon their baggage, and those who had more than one suit of clothes put on the best and destroyed the rest.

While serving as aide-de-camp to General Grant, I fell into the habit of making accurate notes of all important events. The following report of the conversation which occurred between the commanders is taken from my notes made during the interview, and published after the war in my "Campaigning with Grant."

General Grant began the conversation by saying: "I met you once before, General Lee, while we were serving in Mexico, when you came over from General Scott's headquarters to visit Garland's brigade, to which I then belonged. I have always remembered your appearance, and I think I should have recognized you anywhere." "Yes," replied General Lee, "I know I met you on that occasion, and I have often thought of it and tried to recollect how you looked, but I have never been able to recall a single feature." After some further men-

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tion of Mexico, General Lee said: "I suppose, General Grant, that the object of our present meeting is fully understood. I asked to see you to ascertain upon what terms you would receive the surrender of my army." General Grant replied: "The terms I propose are those stated substantially in my letter of yesterday; that is, the officers and men surrendered to be paroled and disqualified from taking up arms again till properly exchanged, and all arms, ammunition, and supplies to be delivered up as captured property." Lee nodded an assent and said: "Those are about the conditions which I expected would be proposed." General Grant then continued: "Yes, I think our correspondence indicated pretty clearly the action that would be taken at our meeting; and I hope it may lead to a general suspension of hostilities and be the means of preventing any further loss of life."

Lee inclined his head as indicating his accord with this wish, and Grant then went on to talk at some length in a very pleasant vein about the prospects of peace. Lee was evidently anxious to proceed to the formal work of the surrender, and he brought the subject up again by saying:

"I presume, General Grant, we have both carefully considered the proper steps to be taken, and I would suggest that you commit to writing the terms you have proposed, so that they may be formally acted upon."

"Very well," replied General Grant, "I will write them out;" and, calling for his manifold order-book, and opening it on the table before him, he proceeded to write the terms. The leaves had been so prepared that three impressions of the writing were made. He wrote very rapidly, and did not pause until he finished the sentence ending with "officers appointed by me to receive them." Then he looked toward Lee, and his eyes seemed to be resting on the handsome sword that hung at that officer's side. He said afterward that this set him to thinking that it would be an unnecessary humiliation to require the officers to surrender their swords, and a great hardship to deprive them of their personal baggage and horses, and after a short pause he wrote the sentence, "This will not embrace the side-arms of the officers, nor their private horses or baggage." When he had finished the letter, he called Colonel Ely S. Parker, one of the military secretaries on the staff, to his side, and looked it over with him, and directed him as they went along to interline six or seven words, and to strike out the word "their" which had been repeated. When this had been done, the General took the manifold writer in his right hand, extended his right arm towards General Lee, and started to rise from his chair to hand the book to him. As I was standing equally distant from them with my back to the front window, I stepped forward, took the book and passed it to General Lee.

The terms were as follows:

General R. E. Lee, Commanding C. S. A.:

General—In accordance with the substance of my letter to you of the 8th inst., I propose to receive the surrender of the Army of Northern Virginia on the following terms, to wit: Rolls of all the officers and men to be made in duplicate, one copy to be given to an officer to be designated by me, the other to be retained by such officer or officers as you may designate. The officers to give their individual paroles not to take up arms against the Government of the United States until properly [exchanged], and each company or regimental commander to sign a like parole for the men of their commands. The arms, artillery, and public property to be packed, and stacked, and turned over to the officers appointed by me to receive them. This will not embrace the side-arms of the officers, nor their private horses or baggage. This done, each officer and man will be allowed to return to his home, not to be disturbed by the United States authorities so long as they observe their paroles and the laws in force where they may reside.

Very respectfully,
U. S. GRANT, Lieut.-General.

Lee was very cool, collected, and deliberate in manner. He reached in his pocket and drew out a pair of steel-rimmed spectacles. With a red silk handkerchief he wiped them very carefully, adjusted them to his eyes, and began reading over the terms. They consisted of two short pages. When he reached the top line of the second page, he looked up and said to General Grant, "After the words 'until properly' the word 'exchanged' seems to be omitted. You doubtless intended to use that word."

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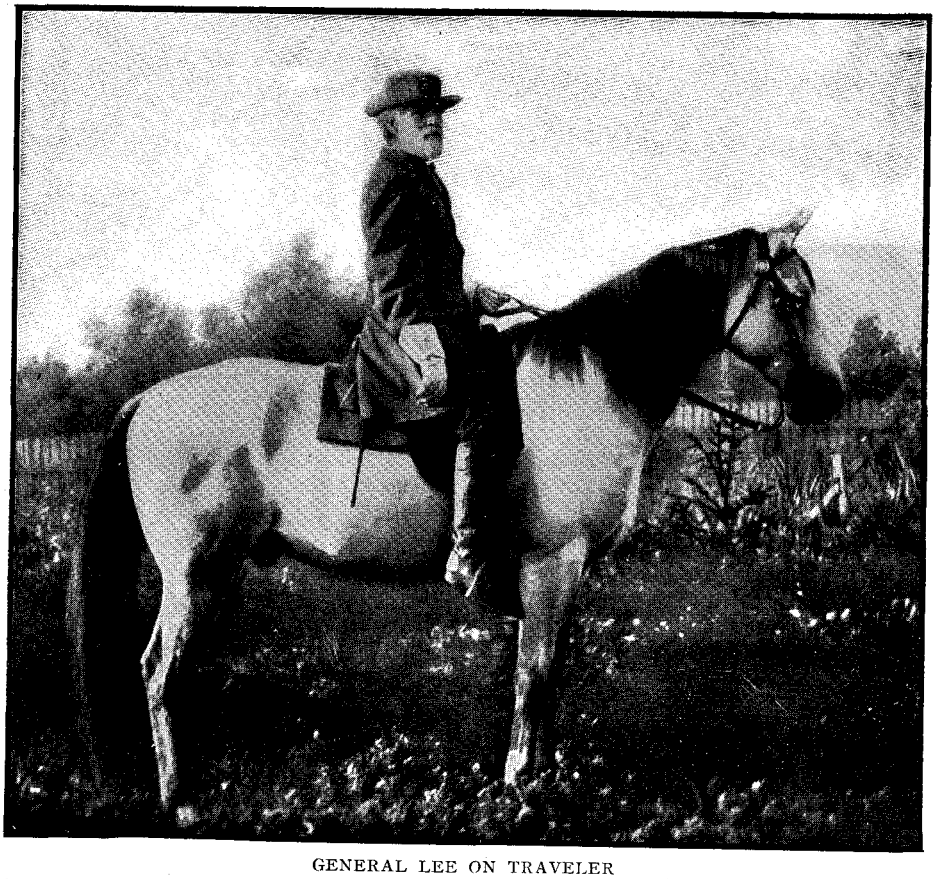

GENERAL LEE ON TRAVELER

Mr. Valentine tells a story indicative of General Lee's love for his horse: "One evening I was taking tea with the General. The light fell upon his face in a very striking way, and his daughter said, 'We want another photograph of you.' The General replied, 'No, I don't want any more photographs of myself; the only one that I want now is one of my horse, Traveler.'" This favorite horse of General Lee's was a Virginia horse, and got his name from his ability to travel great distances with endurance. Traveler was General Lee's war horse during most of his time of service.

"Why, yes," said Grant. "I thought I had put in the word 'exchanged.'"

"I presumed it had been omitted inadvertently," continued Lee, "and with your permission I will mark where it should be inserted.'

"Certainly," Grant replied.

Lee felt in his pocket as if searching for a pencil, but did not seem to be able to find one. Seeing this, and happening to be standing close to him, I handed him my pencil. He took it, and, laying the book on the table, noted the interlineation. During the rest of the interview he kept twirling this pencil in his fingers and occasionally tapping the top of the table with it. When he handed it back, it was carefully treasured by me as a memento of the occasion.

When Lee came to the sentence about the officers' side-arms, private horses and baggage, he showed for the first time during the reading of the terms a slight change of countenance, and was evidently touched by this act of generosity. It was doubtless the condition mentioned to which he particularly alluded when he looked toward General Grant as he finished reading and said, with some degree of warmth in his manner, "This will have a very happy effect upon my army."

General Grant then remarked: "Unless you have some suggestions to make in regard to the form in which I have stated the terms, I will have a copy of the letter made in ink and sign it."

"There is one thing I would like to mention," Lee replied after a short pause. "The cavalrymen and artiller-

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ists own their own horses in our army. Its organization in this respect differs from that of the United States." This expression attracted the notice of our officers present as showing how firmly the conviction was grounded in his mind that we were two distinct countries. He continued, "I would like to understand whether my men will be permitted to retain their horses?"

"You will find that the terms as written do not allow this," replied Grant; "only the officers are permitted to take their private property." Lee read over the second page of the letter again, and then said:

"No, I see the terms do not allow it; that is clear." His face showed plainly that he was quite anxious to have this concession made, and Grant said very promptly and without giving Lee time to make a direct request:

"Well, the subject is quite new to me. Of course I did not know that any private soldiers owned their animals, but I think this will be the last battle of the war—I sincerely hope so—and that the surrender of this army will be followed soon by that of all the others; and I take it that most of the men in the ranks are small farmers, and as the country has been so raided by the two armies, it is doubtful whether they will be able to put in a crop to carry themselves and their families through the next winter without the aid of the horses they are now riding, and I will arrange it in this way: I will not change the terms as now written, but will instruct the officers I shall appoint to receive the paroles to let all the men who claim to own a horse or mule take the animals home with them to work their little farms." (This expression has been quoted in various forms, and has been the subject of some dispute. I give the exact words used.)

Lee now looked greatly relieved, and though anything but a demonstrative man, he gave every evidence of his appreciation of this concession, and said, "This will have the best possible effect upon the men. It will be very gratifying, and will do much toward conciliating our people." He handed the draft of the terms back to General Grant, who called Colonel T. S. Bowers, of the staff, to him and directed him to make a copy in ink. Bowers was a little nervous, and he turned the matter over to Colonel Parker, whose handwriting presented a better appearance than that of any one else on the staff. Parker moved the oval-top table at which General Grant was seated to the back part of the room, and used it in copying the terms. Wilmer McLean's domestic resources in the way of ink now became the subject of a searching investigation, but it was found that the contents of the conical-shaped stoneware inkstand which he produced appeared to be participating in the general breaking up, and had disappeared. Colonel Marshall now came to the rescue, and pulled out of his pocket a small boxwood inkstand, which was put at Parker's service, so that after all we had to fall back upon the resources of the enemy in procuring the "stage properties" for the final scene in this memorable military drama.

Lee in the meantime had directed Colonel Marshall to draw up for his signature a letter of acceptance of the terms of surrender. Colonel Marshall wrote out a draft of such a letter, making it quite formal, beginning with, "I have the honor to reply to your communication," etc. General Lee took it, and, after reading it over very carefully, directed that these formal expressions be stricken out and that the letter be otherwise shortened. He afterward went over it again and seemed to change some words, and then told the Colonel to make a final copy in ink. When it came to providing the paper, it was found that we had the only supply of that important ingredient in the recipe for surrendering an army, so we gave a few pages to the Colonel. The letter when completed read as follows:

General:

I received your letter of this date containing the terms of the surrender of the Army of Northern Virginia as proposed by you. As they are substantially the same as those expressed in your letter of the 8th inst., they are accepted. I will proceed to designate the proper officers to carry the stipulations into effect. R. E. LEE, General.

Lieut.-General U. S. Grant.

While the letters were being copied, General Grant introduced the general

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officers who had entered, and each member of the staff, to General Lee. The General shook hands with General Seth Williams, who had been his adjutant when Lee was superintendent at West Point some years before the war, and gave his hand to some of the other officers who had extended theirs, but to most of those who were introduced he merely bowed in a dignified and formal manner.

Lee did not utter a word while the introductions were going on, except to Seth Williams, with whom he talked quite cordially. He now took the initiative again in leading the conversation back into business channels. He said:

"I have a thousand or more of your men as prisoners, General Grant, a number of them officers, whom we have required to march along with us for several days. I shall be glad to send them into your lines as soon as it can be arranged, for I have no provisions for them. I have, indeed, nothing for my own men. They have been living for the last few days principally upon parched corn, and we are badly in need of both rations and forage."

General Grant replied: "I should like to have our men sent within our lines as soon as possible. I will take steps at once to have your army supplied with rations, but I am sorry we have no forage for the animals. We have had to depend upon the country for our supply of forage. Of about how many men does your present force consist?"

"Indeed, I am not able to say," Lee answered, after a slight pause. "My losses in killed and wounded have been exceedingly heavy, and besides there have been many stragglers and some deserters. All my reports and public papers, and, indeed, my own private letters, had to be destroyed on the march to prevent them from falling into the hands of your people. Many companies are entirely without officers, and I have not seen any returns for several days, so that I have no means of ascertaining our present strength."

General Grant had taken great pains to have a daily estimate made of the enemy's forces from all the data that could be obtained, and, judging it to be about 25,000 at that time, he said: "Suppose I send over 25,000 rations, do you think that will be a sufficient supply?" "I think it will be ample," remarked Lee, and added, with considerable earnestness of manner, "and it will be a great relief, I assure you." The number surrendered, including the cavalry, numbered 28,000 men.

As to General Grant's supplies, he had ordered the army on starting out to carry twelve days' rations. This was the twelfth and last day of the campaign.

Grant's eye now fell on Lee's sword again, and it seemed to remind him of the absence of his own, and by way of explanation he said to Lee:

"I started out from my camp several days ago without my sword, and as I have not seen my headquarters' baggage since, I have been riding about without my side-arms. I have generally worn a sword, however, as little as possible—only during the actual operations of a campaign."

"I am in the habit of wearing mine most of the time," remarked Lee. "I wear it invariably when I am among my troops, moving about through the army."

After a few more words had been exchanged, the two letters were signed. Grant affixed his signature to the terms upon the oval table, which had been moved up to him again for that purpose. Lee signed his acceptance upon the marble-topped table at which he sat. Colonel Parker folded up the terms and gave them to Colonel Marshall. Marshall handed Lee's acceptance to Parker.

We entered the room a few minutes after one o'clock. It was now nearly four. General Lee rose from his chair and bowed to those in the room in a dignified manner. General Grant advanced and shook hands with him. General Lee then stepped out on to the porch, accompanied by Colonel Marshall and followed by the Union officers. He made a motion to his orderly to bridle the horses and bring them up. While waiting for this, General Lee stood on the lowest step of the porch and gazed sadly in the direction of the valley beyond, where his gallant army lay, now an army of prisoners. He thrice smote

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the palm of his left hand with his right fist in an absent sort of way, and appeared unaware of everything about him. All deeply appreciated the sadness that overwhelmed him, and he had the personal sympathy of every one who beheld him at that supreme moment of trial. The approach of his horse seemed to recall him from his reverie, and he at once mounted. General Grant saluted him by lifting his hat. He was followed in this act of courtesy by all our officers present. General Lee raised his hat in return, and rode off at a slow trot to break the news to the brave fellows whom he had so long commanded.

General Grant and staff now walked over to the headquarters camp which had been established near by. A battery of artillery at this moment began to fire a salute to celebrate the victory. The General sent word at once to cease firing, with a message saying, "The war is over, the rebels are again our countrymen, and the best way of showing our rejoicing will be to abstain from all such demonstrations."

He refrained from entering the Confederate lines, and when asked whether he intended to go into Richmond, he replied, "No, I think it would be as well not to go. I could do no good there, and my visit might lead to demonstrations which would only wound the feelings of the residents, and we ought not to do anything at such a time that would add to their sorrow."

At ten o'clock the next morning, April 10, General Grant mounted his horse and went out to the front. General Lee rode forward to meet him. They sat upon their horses and conversed for half an hour concerning the details of paroling the prisoners, the prospects of a general cessation of hostilities, and the near approach of peace. They then saluted respectfully by raising their hats. Lee rode back to his camp to bid a final farewell to his troops, and Grant set out for Washington, having fought his last battle.

The scene at Appomattox was characteristically American, and the manner in which it was conducted reflected lasting credit upon both the illustrious soldiers who directed it. There was nothing theatrical, no indulgence in mock heroics, no posing for effect, no offering or demanding of swords, and no stilted speeches. The conference was less like a formal procedure of surrender and more like a business meeting between two practical Americans charged with the settlement of affairs involving great responsibilities. Grant's magnanimity, his prompt proffer of generous terms to spare Lee the necessity of suing for them, the delicate courtesy with which he endeavored to avoid wounding the feelings of a conquered antagonist, commanded the admiration of friend and foe alike.

Lee's conduct throughout this trying scene was thoroughly characteristic of the Confederate leader. He was calm, dignified, and impressive, and his bearing was that of a courteous gentleman endowed with all the moral courage necessary to acquit himself so commendably throughout so painful an ordeal. The conspicuous example set by General Lee in this surrender was soon followed by all the Confederate armies.

All eyes could at that moment behold the dawn of peace. The charges were now withdrawn from the guns, the camp fires were left to smolder in their ashes, the horses were withdrawn from the cannon to be hitched to the plow, and the armies of the Union and the armies of Secession turned their backs upon each other for the first time in four long, bloody years.

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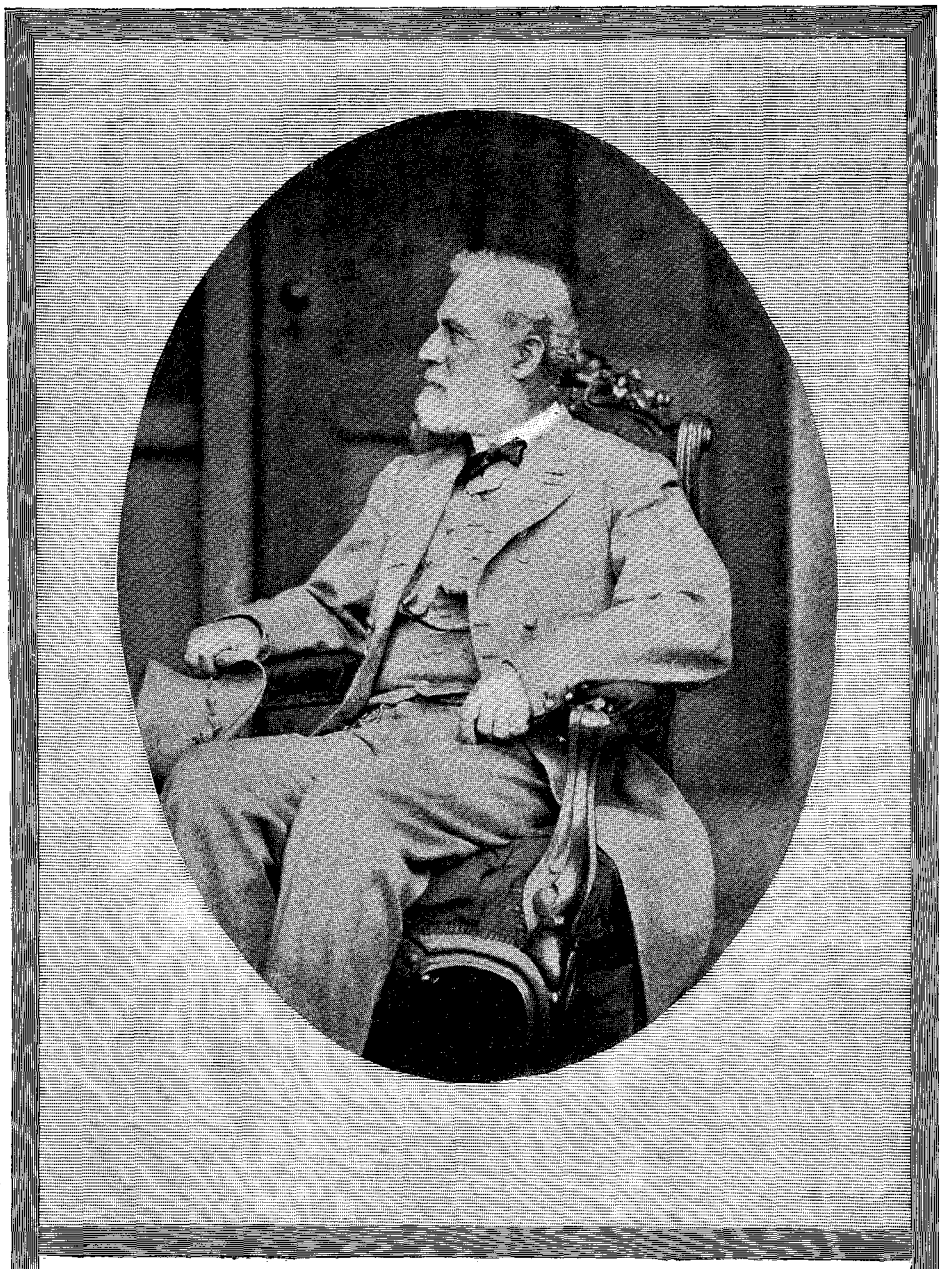

GENERAL LEE AFTER THE WAR

Mr. Valentine tells the following very interesting incident in connection with this portrait: The famous Washington photographer, Brady, sent an artist to Richmond soon after the war to get a portrait of General Lee. The General, who was temperamentally averse to having his photograph taken, courteously declined. Thereupon his nephew, Fitzhugh Lee, afterwards prominent in the Cuban War as General Fitzhugh Lee and Consul-General at Havana, persuaded him that, as the photographer had made so long a journey for the express purpose, he ought not to send him away empty-handed. The General went out upon the back porch of his house, which is now the building of the Virginia Historical Society, and this picture was taken.

From the photograph in the collection of Americana of Mr. F. H. Meserve

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GENERAL LEE'S PLACE IN HISTORY

BY EDWIN MIMS

Professor of English Literature, Trinity College, North Carolina

SIR Garnet Wolseley in his recently published autobiography gives an account of his visit to General Lee during the Civil War, and adds, "Forty years have come and gone since our meeting, yet the majesty of his manly bearing, the genial winning grace, the sweetness of his smile, and the impressive dignity of his old-fashioned style of dress, come back to me amongst the most cherished of my recollections." If a disinterested English general could be thus attracted, we need not wonder at the somewhat heightened expressions of Southerners with regard to their favorite hero. Paul Hamilton Hayne saw Lee at Charleston in 1861, and spoke of him as the most striking figure he had ever encountered, "erect as a poplar, yet lithe and graceful, with broad shoulders well thrown back . . . and the quiet, dauntless step of one every inch the gentleman and soldier." Sidney Lanier saw him in Petersburg at religious services, when he seemed like "some majestic god presiding at a terrible yet sublime contest of human passion." His old students—notably Mr. Thomas Nelson Page—agree that much of his influence over them was due to the reverence inspired by his very presence. Fortunate is the reader if he ever heard the late John B. Gordon tell of the last days at Appomattox. The Confederate veterans, now fast falling away, carry about with them the memory of a heroic age in which the knightly Lee was the commanding figure. His personality and his teaching must be counted among the spiritual assets of the past generation. His picture is in the cabin and the mansion, in the remote country school-house and the university; for the older Southerner cherishes it, perhaps, as he does no other picture—not even that of Washington or Jefferson.

How does the present generation of Southerners who never saw Lee, never lived in the light of his magnificent eye, feel towards him—especially those who are connected with the movements tending towards progress and liberalism? There is not, so far as I can see, any evidence of a decrease in the reverence for Lee. Perhaps the most striking illustration of this fact is that Professor Trent, soon after finishing his life of William Gilmore Simms and his "Southern Statesmen of the Old Régime"—books that are characterized by the most penetrating criticism and by the modern historical spirit, and that in some quarters of the South were received with bitter indignation because of the criticism of former Southern leaders—wrote the life of Lee, which is as full of enthusiasm as a book could well be. "For my enthusiasm," he says in his preface, "I do not ask to be forgiven, although I feel that this is a serious fault in these critical days. My admiration for General Lee has always been considerable, but I questioned the full greatness of his powers until I began to study his life closely. Then I learned to see him as he is—not merely a son of my own native State, not merely a great Southern general, not merely a great American, in whom citizens of every section may take just pride, but, better than all these, a supremely great and good man, whose fame should not be limited by the chauvinistic conception of patriotism so rife among us to-day, but should be as wide as humanity, or, better still, as his own exquisite spirit of charity and brotherly love."

This opinion is shared by men in all departments of activity in the South

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to-day. Other leaders have not stood the test of time, but Lee has grown greater. There has been much investigation by historical students, a substitution of scientific standards for sentiment in the writing of history. We have come to see, with Woodrow Wilson, that "the principle for which the South fought meant standstill in the midst of change; it was conservative, not creative; it was against drift and destiny; it protected an impossible institution and a belated order of society; it withstood a creative and imperial idea, the idea of a united people and a single law of freedom." But none the less we reverence the great leader of the lost cause. Nearly all Southerners have come to rejoice in the overthrow of slavery, but are none the less loyal to the man who fought a losing fight with as much spirit as he would have fought a winning one. Educational leaders have found no greater inspiration for their work than Lee's spirit and constructive hopefulness in the last five years of his life.

The Southerner of the present day sees in Lee the finest product of a civilization that passed away with the Civil War—a civilization that has been as much underestimated by its critics as overpraised by its zealots. He was not a typical Southerner, any more than Lincoln was a typical Westerner, but he was in a very real sense the resultant of certain great forces in Southern life, as Stonewall Jackson was of quite different forces, and Yancey was of others. The aristocratic order to which Lee belonged was a survival, and the social life of which he was an integral part had its serious defects. Slavery often caused idleness and luxury, but in him it developed responsibility and genuine lordship. The plantation life encouraged remoteness and provincialism, but in Lee there was the cosmopolitanism of the great men of the Revolution, and the same hospitality and charm of manner. His character was developed not in spite of but by virtue of this state of society. It may be said that the popular conception of an American is that of a boy who climbs from the lowest state of society to the highest pinnacle of success; but here was a blue-blooded aristocrat who had all the strength and fiber of a Jackson or a Benjamin Franklin. He was refined and yet elemental, lordly yet democratic. Take away all those characteristics that may be said to belong to great men of his type, and you still have certain characteristics that are peculiar to the ante-bellum life of Virginia. There is the air of old courts and polished halls, of stately columns and fragrant gardens.

That such a man—and with him his whole section—should have been drawn into the great tragedy of the Civil War is one of the saddest facts in history. No other great man ever had so little to do with making an issue in which he was to play so prominent a part.[1] Theoretically he believed in the right of secession, but he did not see that there was sufficient ground for it in 1861. After reading the life of Washington, whom he admired more than any other character in history, he exclaimed: "How this [the strife which he foresaw] would grieve the soul of Washington!" Looking at the problem from the standpoint of the founders of the Government, he agreed with Webster that the Nation was not the result of a compact; that there must be a central government. He was opposed to the abolitionists, who seemed to him to thwart the aims that he and other noble-minded Virginians had in view—the gradual emancipation of the slaves—but he would have even sacrificed four million slaves to save the Union. As one reads the letters of Lee written from Texas in the period 1857–1861—letters that reveal a political judgment far ahead of that of any political leaders the South had at that time—one cannot but express the regret that Lee and Lincoln did not know each other, and the wish that, as the trusted representatives of a people who now reverence them so greatly, they might have found a basis of agreement. They were not very far apart.

But this was not to be. The issue soon changed from an abstract one to one in which conflicting passions held sway.

[1] "I must try and be patient and await the end, for I can do nothing to hasten or retard it," he said. And more than once his letters indicate that he was being carried along by an irresistible current, he knew not where.

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Who then understood the real situation—the concrete, human, vital aspects of the problem? No one but Lincoln, perhaps. Some dramatist will some day understand and interpret the soul of Lee as, in great perplexity, he "walked the broad pillared veranda of his noble Arlington house, his eyes glancing across the river at the flag of his country waving above the dome of the Capitol, and then resting on the soil of his native Virginia." If Northern men have come to see that the decision he made was the result of a conscientious discharge of duty, Southern men, who have never questioned that, will always see in him the embodiment of the great tragedy through which the section was to pass. Perhaps the seriousness of that struggle for Lee and Virginia was never so imaginatively realized as by Mr. William Garrott Brown when he wrote:

> When Virginia aroused herself from her trance of forty years, she awoke to such a conflict of high motives and passionate impulses, to be beat upon by such stormy appeals, to be torn with such contrary aspirations, as no tragedy queen on any mimic stage was ever beset with. . . . The instincts of motherhood called her one way, the safety of the household another. She took hurried counsel, and pleaded for time, and muttered somewhat of old sacrifices made, old victories won. While she still hesitated, and only half-converted, her unruly children were already compassing her about with armies, ranging their battle-lines along her northern borders, thrusting the sword at her reluctant hand, pressing an unsought crown upon her brow.

Some such struggle went on in the mind of Robert E. Lee at Arlington. It was "the logic of sympathy" that finally decided the issue. He saw an army with himself at the head marching upon his beloved Arlington and his native State. To him the State was no abstract thing—it meant the historic homes along the Potomac and the Rappahannock and the James—it meant a thousand memories and traditions with which his family was connected. The nation was no longer the nation of Washington, but of an invading army. So at last facing the great issue, he was carried into the conflict with the making of which he had so little to do. He therefore looms large in the Southerner's imagination.

The tragedy here briefly suggested deepens for four years, though it is shot through with the light of temporary victory and continuous heroism. At the last it settles down into the gloom of Appomattox with Lee amid the shadows. But suddenly, as though there were another act, or as though a new play had started, the figure of Robert E. Lee shines forth resplendent in defeat. With a will not to be conquered, he sets about inaugurating a new career for himself and a new era for his people. His life from 1865 to 1870, about which too little was known until the appearance of the latest biography, is in many respects the most inspiring of his whole career. Did man ever rise to such heights of moral grandeur? His letters—like those written before the war—are full of remarkable insight, serenity, and Christian magnanimity.

Mr. Charles Francis Adams has written in glowing terms of the fact that Lee did not prolong the war indefinitely by retiring to the mountains and engaging in guerrilla warfare. The suggestion was made to Lee by some of his lieutenants, the thought may have found temporary lodgment in his own mind, but he brushed it aside, he rose grandly above the temptation. He accepted the overthrow of the Confederacy as final. "The war having been decided against us," he said, "it is the part of wisdom to acquiesce in the result and of candor to recognize the fact." When his name was left off of the list of those who would come under the term of amnesty, with a singular lack of sensitiveness, differentiating him from many of the other leaders of the Confederacy, he applied for the rights of citizenship. Unfortunately, the magnanimity of the North did not respond to his request.

Many of his old comrades left the South for other countries and other sections. There was a widespread movement in Virginia to preserve the spirit of the old State by migrating bodily to some foreign country. Appeals were made to Lee to join in the movement, and invitations were sent him to live a life of ease and repose in England, but he replied: "The thought of abandoning the country and all that must be left in it is abhorrent to my feelings, and I pre-

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fer to struggle for its restoration and to share its fate rather than to give up all as lost." With the same devotion for his native State as he had shown in 1861, he said: "I cannot desert my native State in her hour of adversity. I must abide her fortune and share her fate."

In doing so he did not share the feeling of bitterness that naturally remained after such a conflict. "I have never cherished towards them [the Northern people] bitter or vindictive feelings, and have never seen the day when I did not pray for them." "The allayment of passion, the dissipation of prejudice, and the restoration of reason" seemed to him to be the duty of every Southerner. He rebuked vindictiveness in college students and ministers, and constantly urged those who intended to write about the war to leave out all expressions of bitterness as undignified and unbecoming. To those who urged him to reply to attacks made upon him by Northern papers, he replied that controversy would only serve to continue excitement and passion, and would prevent the public mind from the acknowledgment and acceptance of the truth.

Many leaders in the South—some of them free from any bitterness—were prophets of despair. Editors spoke of the "dark, dark future." "Our hopes have fled," said one of them, "and we sit in darkness. The Nemesis of God has indeed involved us in a frightful vortex." The sad strain that runs through Father Ryan's poems was the voice of widows and orphans in their desolate homes, and of defeated and despairing men. Most impressive is the figure of Lamar standing at his gate in Oxford, Mississippi, looking wistfully and sadly into the west. In the midst of all this gloom Lee's voice was one of hope, or at least of patience. It is true that he died before the worst orgies of reconstruction came on, but he anticipated what was coming, and said, "We must hope for the best, speak as little and act as discreetly as possible. We have nothing to do but to attend to our material interests and to await events. The dominant party cannot reign forever, and truth and justice will at last prevail."

He himself found refuge in the primary sources of life—the affections of a family circle, the love of children, the sympathetic interest in friends, an almost stoical sense of duty, the peace of nature, and the blessed consolations of religion. Above all, he found joy in the constructive work that opened up to him as the president of a small college. "I have led the young men of the South to battle," he said; "I have seen many of them die on the field; I shall devote my remaining energy to training young men to do their duty in life." And again, "Each State should take the most energetic measures to revive the schools and colleges, and, if possible, to increase the facilities for instruction, and to elevate the standard of learning." To General Gordon, who offered him the presidency of a Southern life insurance company at a salary of ten thousand dollars, he wrote that he considered it to be his duty to remain at Washington College, adding, "The thorough education of all classes of people is the most efficacious means, in my opinion, for promoting the prosperity of the South."

Lee's point of view, here briefly suggested,[1] seems to me vastly significant. Americans have not appreciated his true spirit. Northerners have not understood him and consequently they have not understood the better people of his section; and Southerners, even while applauding him and resenting any criticism of him, have sometimes missed the real spirit of the man. If he were alive to-day, his fine scorn would rebuke a sectionalism for which there is no excuse

General Lee was the victim of the hotheads of 1861—North and South—and he would have little sympathy with the hotheads of the present time. I have often wondered what a Southern audience, wrought up to a pitch of frenzy by a sensational play like the "Clansman," would do if a good reader would appear on the stage and read one or two of Lee's best letters, or how a United States Senator would feel if, after a fiery and passionate speech, he should be confronted

[1] For fuller treatment see the author's article "Five Years of Robert E. Lee's Life," The Outlook, November 26, 1904.

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with the latest biography of Lee. His is the great spirit to invoke in opposition to many of the evil tendencies that still survive in his own section. All the forces of enlightenment should claim him as the champion of reason rather than passion, of fairness rather than prejudice, of progress rather than reaction, of constructive work rather than futile obstruction.

"MARSE ROBERT IS ASLEEP"

BY MISS S. B. VALENTINE

The following verses are based upon an incident of the Civil War. General B. D. Fry, of the Confederate army, related the story to the author. General Lee, sorely fatigued by a hard day's march, lay down on a log beside the road and quickly fell asleep. Soon a column of soldiers came down the road, laughing and talking as they marched along. A burly trooper, who had been standing guard by the General's improvised couch, rushed out into the road and whispered, "Hush! Marse Robert's asleep!" The word was passed down the line, and the ranks, instantly subdued, tiptoed past their sleeping leader.

Had you heard the distant tramping
On that glowing summer day!
Had you seen our comrades running
To meet us on the way!
Oh, the wondrous, sudden silence,
Th' unmilitary creep,
As down the line that caution ran,
"Marse Robert is asleep!"

Give me your hand, Old Blue Coat,
Let's talk of this awhile,
For the prettiest march of all the war
Was this of rank and file!—
Was the passing of that army,
When 'twas hard, I ween, to keep
Those men from crying out, "Hurrah!
Marse Robert is asleep!"

There lay that knightly figure,
One hand upon his sword,
The other pressed above his heart,
A vow without a word!
Two laurel leaves had fluttered down,
For flowers their vigils keep,
And crown'd him, though I think they knew
"Marse Robert was asleep!"

Richmond, Virginia, May, 1883.

In glorious old Westminster
No monument of war,
No marble story, half so grand
As this our army saw!
Our leafy old Westminster—
Virginia's woods—now keep
Immortal that low whisper,
"Marse Robert is asleep!"

As we clasp hands, Old Blue Coat,
List, Brother of the North:
Had foreign foe assail'd your homes,
You then had known his worth!
Unbroken vigil o'er those homes
It had been his to keep:
Step lightly o'er the border, then,—
"Marse Robert is asleep!"

He's yours and mine, is Robert Lee,
He's yours and mine, Hurrah!
These tears you've shed have sealed the past,
And closed the wounds of war!
Thus clasping hands, Old Blue Coat,
We'll swear by the tears you weep,
The sounds of war shall be muffled,—
"Marse Robert is asleep!"

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CREATIVE AMERICANS

EDWARD MACDOWELL

MUSICIAN AND COMPOSER

BY HENRY T. FINCK

IN the summer of 1895 I spent a few days with Edward MacDowell in a hotel on the shore of Lake Geneva, near Vevey. He was at work on his "Indian Suite," which caused him so much trouble and perplexity that, as he confessed to me afterwards, he was sorely tempted to ask my advice about various details, but refrained for fear of breaking into my vacation. When this suite had its first performance in Boston, one of the critics, while praising it highly for its artistic workmanship, found fault with the composer for trying to make a silk purse out of a sow's ear. That was rather a rude way of putting it—rude to the Indians—for the aboriginal Iroquois and Iowan songs which form its main themes are in themselves by no means without charm; yet it is undoubtedly true that MacDowell's own creative imagination would have easily yielded melodies more beautiful in themselves and more readily adapting themselves to thematic elaboration and orchestral coloring.

It is significant that the experiment of blending red and white music was never repeated by him (except in a short piano piece, "From an Indian Lodge"—one of the "Woodland Sketches"—in which original and aboriginal strains are commingled). He never indorsed the view—of which Harvey Worthington Loomis and Arthur Farwell are at present the most eloquent exponents—that a great American Temple of Music might and will be built with Indian songs as the foundation-stones. Nor has he ever countenanced the widely prevalent opinion that negro melodies form the only other possible basis of a distinctively American school of music. Dr. Dvořák adopted this view when he first came to New York as Director of the National Conservatory; but subsequently he abandoned it. It is unquestionable that the negro has received credit for things that are not his. What is really unique in his music is an inheritance from Africa, wherefore it cannot be made the basis of an *American* school of music; while the rest of what is usually regarded as negro or plantation song is partly a crazy-quilt made up of patches of tune from the stores of European nations (for the negro is as imitative and quick as a mocking-bird), and partly the voice, or the echo, of the individual genius of Stephen Foster, a writer of true American folk-songs, the best of which are equal to any German, Italian, French, Irish, or Russian folk-music.

Foster's songs are unmistakably American—unlike any European folk-songs. If an unknown one from his pen should come to light, say, in a remote Turkish village, an expert would say to himself, "That's American, that's Foster." If, therefore, an American composer feels inclined to write a symphony or a suite based on melodies borrowed from Stephen Foster, he is of course at liberty to do so. But he will show himself a greater master by creating his own melodies; and his music will be none the less American, provided he is himself sufficiently *individual* to be able—as Foster was—to write melodies different from those of Europeans.

It is time to drop the ludicrous notion that a truly national art can be built up

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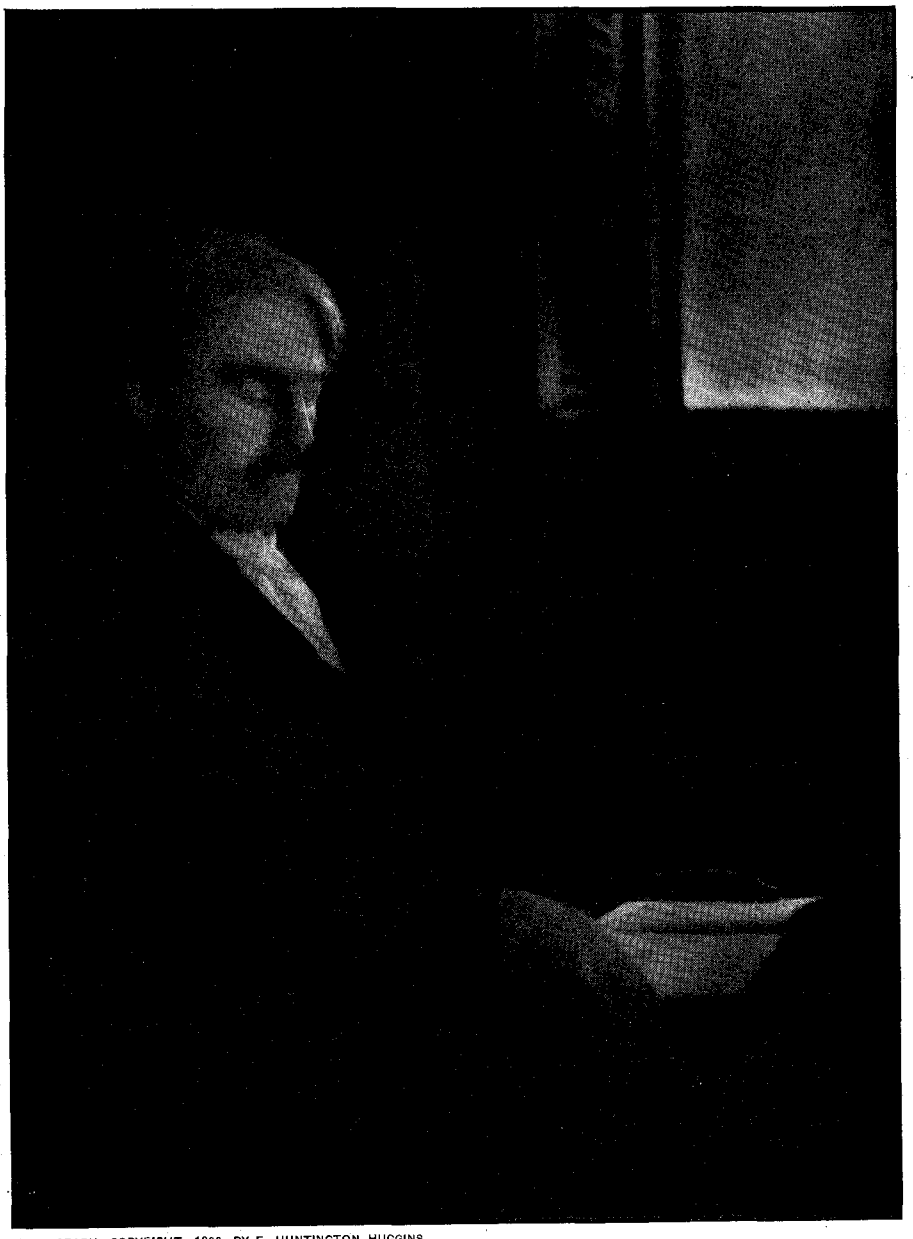
only on folk-songs. All that we need for the making of an American branch of music is *individuals* of real creative power. In the music of Wagner there is hardly a trace of German folk-song, yet it is great and it is German because he was a great German *individual*. Mendelssohn and Schumann are real Germans, too, in their music, though they differ radically from Wagner and from each other. Even the nationalists among the great masters—Haydn, Chopin, Grieg, Dvořák—owe their position in the musical world much less to what they imbibed from the folk-music of their countries than to their pre-eminent *individualities*.



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EDWARD A. MACDOWELL

In searching for such individualities

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in our own country we find at least two concerning whom there can be no dispute—Stephen Foster and Edward MacDowell, the latter representing our art music as Foster represents the folk-music. I would recognize a new piece of MacDowell's anywhere, as I would the face of a typical American girl in any part of Europe. It is unlike the music of any European master, and it has on every page the stamp of his individuality as unmistakably as every two-cent stamp has the face of Washington. To be sure, there are European influences perceptible in it—the influence, particularly, of Grieg, Liszt, and Wagner, representing Norwegian, Hungarian, and German art. But the foreign influence in his compositions is less pronounced than it is, for instance, in the works of Handel, Gluck, and Mozart, who nevertheless remain Germans. What constitutes nationality, musically speaking, is very difficult to say. There is an impression that melody is the Italian element in music, harmony the German. But the greatest melodists that ever lived were Schubert and Wagner, and the greatest harmonists, apart from Bach, Wagner, and Schubert, are the Polish Chopin, the Hungarian Liszt, and the Norwegian Grieg.

Individuality is somewhat easier to describe, and when we examine the individuality of Edward MacDowell we find something that any American may feel proud to discover in a compatriot. To his friends his droll and truly American gift of humor has always seemed one of his most charming traits. In a letter to me he once recurred to his student days at the Paris Conservatoire. Life in Paris seemed to him "a huge but rather ghastly joke." His fellow-students "never seemed to miss the absence of the word 'home' in their language. Most of them looked as if they had been up ever since they were born. They seemed to live on cigarettes, odd carafons of wine, and an occasional shave."

That "occasional shave" is delightfully characteristic of MacDowell's wit. In his conversation he always kept the listener amused with such unexpected turns—as he does in his music. Scherzo is Italian for joke, and it is in his scherzo movements that we often hear him at his best. His famous teacher, the Venezuelan pianist, Teresa Carreño, hardly ever plays his second pianoforte concerto without being compelled to repeat the *presto giocoso*.

Another of his traits was revealed during his Conservatoire days. Though but fifteen years old, he soon discovered that it was not the right place for him. There was too much striving for effect for its own sake, and not sufficient reverence for the masters, to suit this American lad. Famous professors like Marmontel, Mathias, and Ambroise Thomas did not hesitate to mutilate a composition or to insert measures of their own to make it what they deemed effective. He packed his trunk and went to Stuttgart. Here there was no lack of reverence for genius, but there was what throughout his life he hated quite as much—pedantry; so, after six weeks, he moved on again, a real American, in quest of the best wherever it may be found, and bound to find it.

He found it at last at Frankfort, where there was a pianist, Carl Heymann, who "dared play the classics as if they had actually been written by men with blood in their veins." Under his fingers "a sonata was a poem." The eminent composer Raff was director of the Frankfort conservatory. By him MacDowell was confirmed in his tendency toward writing music with a pictorial or poetic background. The death of Raff revealed the emotional nature of the American youth. His first pupil, Miss Marian Nevins, who became his wife two years later, says regarding this tragic event:

"He came to me at the hour for my lesson, looking so white and ill that I was frightened. His voice broke as he said only the words, 'Raff is dead.' There was a sweet hero-worship of a shy boy for an almost equally shy man, and for months after Raff's death he was in a morbid condition. He gave me eighteen marks—all he had at the time—and said, 'as I knew more about flowers than he did, would I get some for him to send?' So I bought a mass of roses, and, what was unusual for Germany, had them sent not even bound together; and these were put about Raff, nearer than

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the grand beautiful floral things sent by the dozen."

Like all students of the pianoforte, MacDowell always adored the personality and the works of Liszt, to whom his first concerto is dedicated. Following the advice of Raff, he had visited Weimar, where he was greatly encouraged by the cordial praise Liszt bestowed both on his playing and his compositions, and by the invitation to play his first piano suite at the next convention of the Allgemeine Musik-Verein, over which Liszt presided. There was, to be sure, more honor than profit in this. A man cannot live on compliments and applause, and MacDowell, like most other musicians, found it extremely hard to make a living in Germany unless he used up all his vitality in teaching, leaving none for creative work. Luckily, his wife had a little money, so they took the daring risk of dropping everything but composition and settling down to a quiet life in and near Wiesbaden. It was here that MacDowell wrote the compositions from opus 23 to opus 35.

Those were idyllic days. "The one dark spot," Mrs. MacDowell writes, "was a long and severe illness of mine brought on by over-anxiety and trying to do work which I was not well used to; but in spite of it all, we were very happy. The six Idylls, op. 28, of which I am very fond, I associate with our little flat in the Jahnstrasse. I had been ill a long time, and felt Edward was neglecting his work in his care of me. So I made him promise he would write a daily sketch for a week, and these six were the result of this promise. I in bed, and he writing music in the next room! Of course he changed and 'fixed' them later on, but the actual music was written in these six days."

After nearly four years of Wiesbaden it became imperative to replenish the exchequer, and an attempt was made to secure a position as local examiner for the London Royal Academy of Music. MacDowell had been specially recommended for this position, and the matter really rested in the hands of Lady Macfarren. She was a nice old lady, and things seemed certain until she suddenly said: "I hope you have no leaning toward the school of that wild man Liszt." The American had to confess sorrowfully that he had; and when he got home he found a note saying the place was not suited for him! It was not the first time, and far from the last, that devotion to an ideal cost him a worldly advantage.

He now resolved to try his luck in America, and he chose Boston instead of New York (his native city), partly because in 1880 Boston was still reputed the musical center of America, and partly because Paris had inspired him with an aversion to very large cities. He was soon in great demand as a teacher. His technical studies, in several volumes, which are not so well known as they will be by and by, reveal him as one of the most practical and successful pedagogues of all time. In the preface to Vol. I. of his "Technical Exercises" he says: "In my opinion, physical development and music are two different things, and although musical talent is a *sine qua non* in pianoforte playing, it cannot reach its full expression without a thorough command of the muscles of the hand, wrist, and arm. I have found it advisable to keep the purely physical part of piano-playing entirely separate from its musical side, as this allows a concentration of the mind not otherwise practical. I therefore beg the student who may use these exercises to consider them from a purely 'athletic' standpoint."

When he accepted the professorship of music at Columbia University in 1896, little time was left for private instruction, and he could take only the most advanced students—pupils who were better suited with exercises like those in his "Twelve Virtuoso Studies," in which, as in his two concertos and in the Etudes of Chopin and Liszt, brilliant virtuosity is allied with poetic thoughts and moods. He had no use for pupils who had more money than talent; $12 a lesson would not tempt him to take such a one, while he would devote himself to others who could not adequately remunerate him. Once a week, indeed, for years, he gave a day to his free class; and when his mental collapse became imminent, he kept this class longest of all, despite the protests of friends and relatives. His

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pupils adored him for his kindly interest, his helpful hints, his illuminating remarks, his generosity and self-sacrifice.

On the whole, he probably enjoyed his teaching, as he did his composing, more than he did playing in public. His diverse other duties made it impossible for him to practice six or more hours a day, like the professional virtuosi, and this made him nervous in view of possible technical slips. He was always handicapped, too, by an excessive diffidence, a lack of faith in himself as pianist and as composer. When he came on the stage and sat at the piano, he looked like a school-boy who has been sent to the blackboard on exhibition day and doesn't feel quite sure of himself. But soon, especially if he found the audience sympathetic, he warmed to his task and played as only a composer can play. He has had his superiors in those things in which a piano-player excels all pianists—brilliancy of execution—but none in the higher sphere of art. As regards beauty and variety of tone color, artistic phrasing, poetic feeling, dramatic grandeur in a climax, he was the greatest pianist this country has produced—an American peer of Paderewski.

It was doubtless a mistake—in which, I am sorry to say, I encouraged him—to accept the Columbia professorship. Although he soon gathered large classes of devoted students about him, making music one of the most popular and prosperous of the university departments, few of the students were sufficiently advanced to need the instruction of a man of genius. In other words, most of his duties were such as a lesser man might have done, and they left him no time or energy for composing, except in summer, when, in view of his high-strung organization and tendency to headaches and insomnia, he should have rested absolutely. Had he but accepted Mr. Hamlin Garland's repeated and urgent invitations to spend a summer with him among the Indians in the Far West, he might have been saved. But the impulse to compose was irresistible, and the opportunity to rest was lost.

The time came when it was felt necessary for him to give up the arduous professorial duties or else sacrifice the higher mission of his life. After seven years of service he left, the more eagerly because the authorities hesitated to accept his plan of uniting literature and the fine arts in one faculty, or school, and possibly making some of the courses compulsory for every student in the college, in the hope of turning out fewer "barbarians" than the universities do at present. It was about the time that Professor Woodberry also left Columbia; there was some acrimonious discussion, which aggravated MacDowell's insomnia and hastened his breakdown. But the germs of his mental disease were busy long before that. More than a decade previously he would say and do strange things when in the throes of composition. I have elsewhere commented on the striking similarity of his case to Schumann's. But while Schumann hastened his collapse by intemperance (beer and cigars), MacDowell was intemperate in one thing only—his passion for work.

His career came to a close before he reached his forty-fourth year; yet he has written enough to place himself at the head of American composers. As a writer for orchestra the late Professor Paine may dispute the first place with him, and Paine also wrote a grand opera; but neither he nor any other American can for a moment contest his supremacy as a writer of songs and of pianoforte sonatas and short pieces. In these—particularly the songs—he ranks with the great masters of Europe—with Schubert, Franz, Grieg, Chopin, Schumann. Anton Seidl ranked him in point of originality above Brahms, while the eminent French composer Jules Massenet has exclaimed: "How I love the works of this young American composer, MacDowell! What a musician! He is sincere and individual—what a poet! What exquisite harmonies!"

MacDowell was not a juvenile prodigy. He was not like Schubert and Mendelssohn, who wrote some of their most mature things before they were out of their teens; but rather like Beethoven and Wagner, in so far as his genius matured slowly. Of his orchestral works only one belongs to the period when his genius had fully ripened—"The Indian Suite"—"one of the noblest composi-

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tions of modern times," as Mr. Philip Hale has aptly called it. Of the others, one, "Lamia," has never been printed or played; the remaining ones—"Hamlet and Ophelia," "Lancelot and Elaine," "The Saracens and Lovely Alda," and the "First Suite"—are all distinguished by exquisite orchestral coloring and artistic workmanship, but thematically they are less individual than his later works. It is this evolution of his real self, this gradual maturing of his genius, that makes his early collapse the greater a calamity.

In the early pianoforte list there is much that is dainty, brilliant, and fascinating (among others, the two concertos, "The Eagle," "Clair de lune," "Dance of the Gnomes"). Most of these pieces, however, might have been written by other men; but with opus 45, the "Sonata Tragica," MacDowell's individuality begins to assert itself so strongly that thenceforth no expert could fail to recognize his seal on every page. Unlike most of his contemporaries, he always put melody in the first place, refusing to write unless he had a new melodic curve to guide his harmonies. In the German days he had many a dispute with his friend Templeton Strong as to the relative importance of harmony and melody. Yet his harmonies are no less original than his melodies; and for young composers he is a much better model than Richard Strauss and the other modern Germans who make dissonance an end instead of a means. MacDowell had a strong aversion to these cacophonists, who ladle out tabasco sauce with a soup-spoon. He used a much finer brand, and a few drops supplied to give each of his pieces that agreeable but not too strong "bite" which the modern palate demands.

A trait which distinguishes MacDowell's pieces is the frequent alternation of exquisite feminine tenderness with outbursts of robust, overwhelming virility. "Tenderly" is the expression-mark that occurs perhaps most frequently on his pages; and, like a true American, he writes his expression-marks in English, which means so much more to us than the worn old Italian stencils. Of his sturdy, manly spirit the four pianoforte sonatas afford the most numerous instances. Just to read the directions for the playing of one of his movements—say, the last of the "Keltic" sonata—"very swift and fierce;" "very emphatic;" "gradually increasing in violence and intensity;" "with tragic pathos"—makes one eager to witness this musical affray. To another frequent characteristic of his pianoforte music attention is called by the London Times's comments on the "Tragica:" "The difficulties of the sonata are prodigious, for the music is orchestral. The ideas are big, but they seem to call for an orchestra to make themselves fully felt. Yet with all this the tragic note resounds with ten times the force of Draeseke's Tragic Symphony."

Apart from Liszt, no other composer has written at times so orchestrally for the piano, yet—and here lies the marvel and the paradox—so idiomatically at the same time. His shorter pieces are equally euphonious, and these, fortunately, are usually much easier—fit pabulum for amateurs. Pianists who wish to become familiar with MacDowell's genius should begin with his "Woodland Sketches" and add to these the "Sea Pieces," "New England Idyls," and "Fireside Tales"—collections of short pieces with those poetic titles and superscriptions that are so characteristic of their composer. The verses are usually his own; they have the concise, pictorial suggestiveness of Japanese poems. A specimen: "From a Wandering Iceberg" has these lines prefixed:

> "An errant princess of the North,
> A virgin, snowy white,
> Sails adown the summer seas
> To realms of burning light."

In conversation with William Armstrong Edward MacDowell once said: "A song, if at all dramatic, should have climax, form, and plot, as does a play. Words to me seem so paramount, and, as it were, apart in value from the musical setting, that, while I cannot recall the melodies of many of those songs that I have written, the words of them are indelibly impressed upon my mind." It stands to reason that, in view of this, and of the fidelity of the music to the prefixed verses in the pianoforte pieces, his songs must be characterized by a

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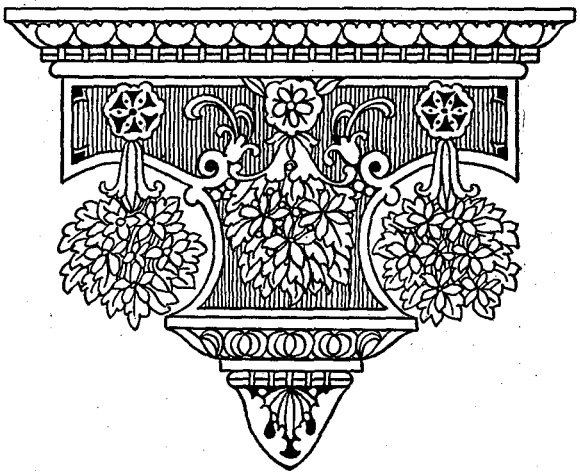
thorough blending of the words and the music; and this is indeed, apart from their spontaneous and individual melody, their most striking trait; it is admirably illustrated in what are perhaps his best five songs: the romantic "The Sea," the melancholy "Menie," the lovely Scotch "My Jean," the exquisitely poetic "Idyl" (opus 33), and the ravishing "The Swan Bent Low to the Lily," which is almost his own swan song (opus 60). Those who would know the best that America has produced in art song should get his opus 33, opus 60, and, above all, the "Eight Songs," opus 47, every one of which is worth its weight in radium.

The best of MacDowell's songs and pianoforte pieces were composed in a log cabin buried in the woods near his hillcrest home at Peterboro, New Hampshire, facing Mount Monadnock. Here, before his illness, he was visited daily, in his dreams, by fairies, nymphs of the woods, and the other idyllic creatures of the romantic world about whom he tells us such strange stories in his compositions. He was taken up to Peterboro last May because he was so impatient to get there. All summer, however, he did not comprehend that he was there; and when I last saw him, on October 4, he did not know it; yet he asked me if I had been in the log cabin! I never before realized so vividly what a mysterious, inexplicable organ the brain is—dead in some parts, alive in others. A framed photograph of myself was hanging on the wall, and Mrs. MacDowell told me that for a long time he had spoken daily with an air of distress of how uncomfortable it must be for me in that position. The day before we arrived he suddenly declared his conviction that it was, after all, not myself, but only my picture. When told of this, I said to him: "Don't worry, Edward, about my being stuck up on the wall, for you know I always was stuck up;" whereat he laughed in his hearty, boyish manner. He always enjoyed a pun, the worse the better, and was himself an inveterate punster. It is consoling to think that his sense of humor still remains to entertain him, although at times his mind is almost a blank. His face retains its unearthly beauty—the disease is not mirrored in it—and his eyes still have the light of genius in them. He seldom refers to his music now, but takes great comfort in a copy of his own poems, printed a few years ago. From this he reads daily to his wife and his nurse. To us he read the lines prefixed to the piece "From a Log Cabin," which sum up the whole tragedy of his life and the loss to American music:

"A house of dreams untold,
It looks out over the whispering tree-tops,
And faces the setting sun."



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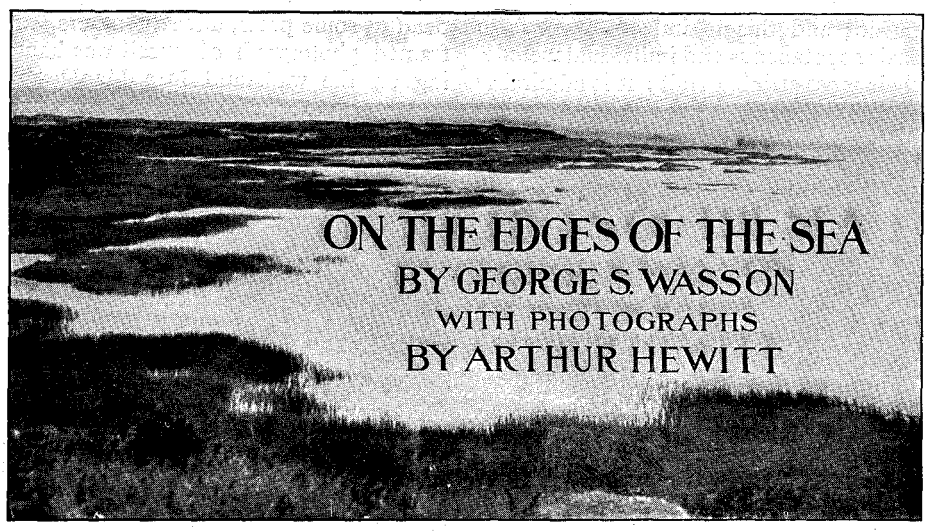

ON THE EDGES OF THE SEA

BY GEORGE S. WASSON
WITH PHOTOGRAPHS
BY ARTHUR HEWITT

OF late years it has frequently been said, and perhaps not without apparent show of reason, that among Americans the maritime instinct is a thing of the past. It is a well-known and melancholy fact that our once magnificent fleet of great seagoing square-riggers has practically disappeared from the Atlantic Ocean. On the entire eastern coast of the country there are now owned but twenty full-rigged ships—a number smaller than that claimed fifty years ago by many a little New England seaport whose rotting wharves are to-day deserted save by the few old men who may gather in the shade of the empty warehouses during the summer months and dismally recount the long bygone days of American ships and American sailors.

Good authority states that this year the foreign commerce of the United States has crossed the three-billion-dollar mark—tremendous figures, surely, yet how humiliatingly small a part American bottoms had to do with these vast transactions the same authority mercifully refrains from mentioning.

Excepting on a few generally archaic eastern craft of insignificant tonnage, the coastwise vessels of to-day are manned almost exclusively by foreigners. Even on the fleet of Gloucester fishing schooners, much vaunted in certain quarters as still the "nursery of American seamen," natives of the British Provinces and Portuguese now predominate so overwhelmingly that a vessel carrying even one solitary Yankee in her large crew is a notable exception to the rule. As compared with European powers, the vessels of our navy are already decidedly undermanned, and the problem of furnishing crews, at least in time of peace, constantly grows more serious, even though composed as they are to a great extent of foreign-born seamen. In the case of large steam and sailing yachts the same rule holds good; some few may have American captains, but the crews are almost invariably foreigners.

In the last international races for the famous "America Cup" the American yacht Reliance was sailed by a Scotch captain and a Swedish crew. In the still more recent transatlantic contest for the German Emperor's cup, of the five American-owned yachts competing, but one had an American in command. Certainly in the face of such conditions there seems to be some ground for the charge that native Americans have lost their old-time love of a seafaring life. Just how and why we have suffered all but a beggarly remnant of our ocean marine to go to the dogs in this manner are at present subjects of lively dispute.

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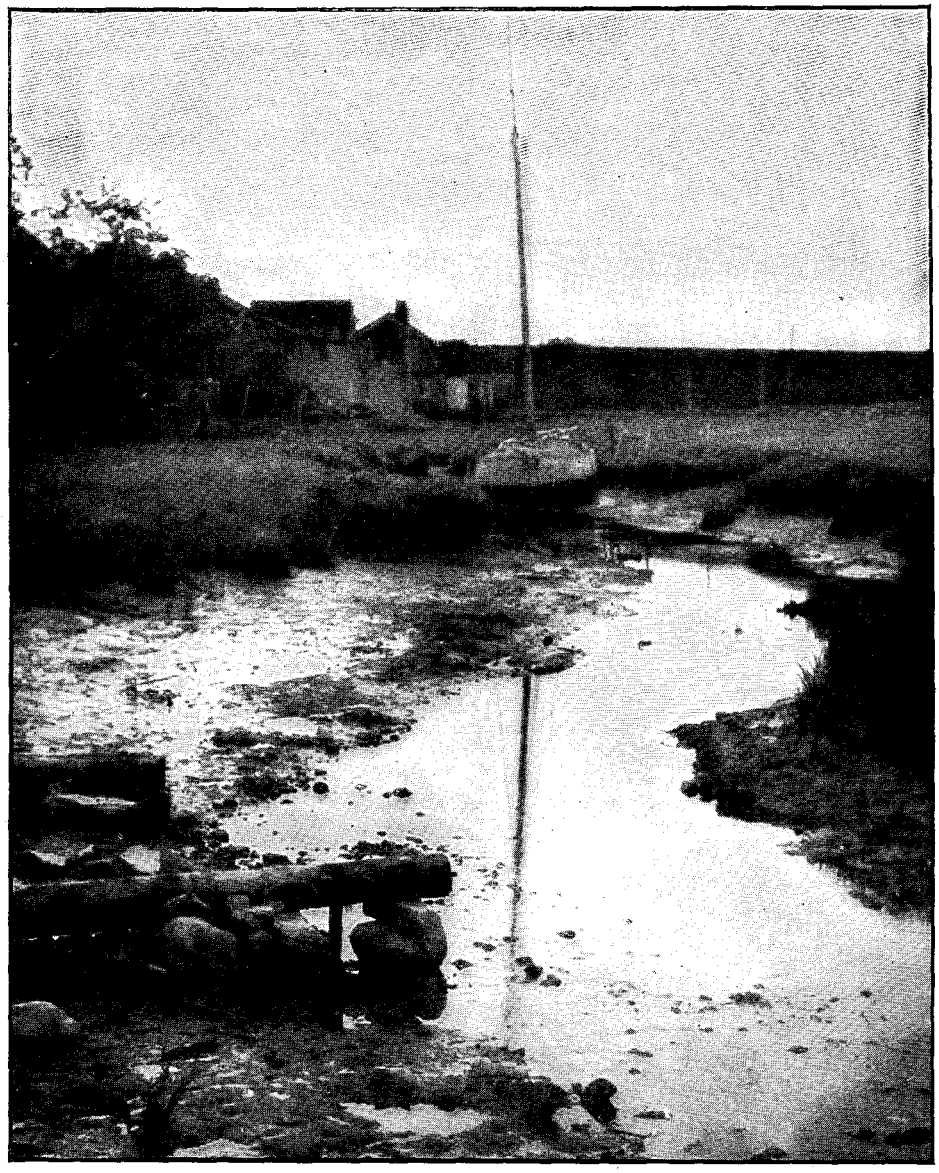
That it is gone no one pretends to deny, and people without seagoing ships can scarcely be expected to shine as deep-sea sailors, no matter how brilliant their former reputation in that line.

But that Americans no longer take to the salt water, and are therefore in danger of losing their skill in aquatics and things nautical in general, is quite another matter. Granted that there is at present no chance worth mentioning for adventurous young fellows to ship and rise in the merchant service; that, for adequate reasons, neither coastwise nor Gloucester fishing vessels offer any inducements to-day, yet one familiar with our northern seaboard will by no means admit a lack of good material for the best of sailormen; much less any necessity for enacting the absurd farce of sailing "international" cup races with American yachts officered and manned exclusively by foreigners. But it should be added that this should in no wise be understood



GOOD EELING COUNTRY

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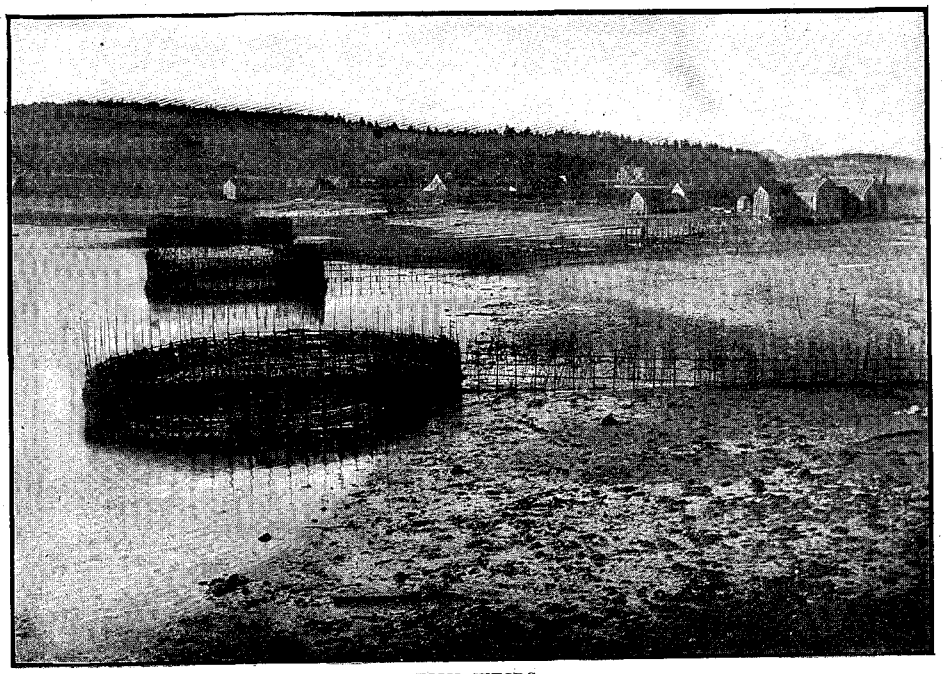
as disparaging the ability of our many foreign-born mariners. The sole point is that, if legitimate interest is to attach to contests of this nature, American-built yachts should in all reason be sailed by American-trained crews. If in this connection it be urged that certain foreign nations still possess comparatively large fleets of seagoing sailing vessels on which men may obtain proficiency, while we have at present next to none, it seems but fair to retort that deep-water seamen have long been proverbially awkward in the management of small fore-and-aft rigged craft. An old "shellback;" a sailboat, and a squally day form a combination well known on the seaboard as quite likely to result in a ducking, if not in a coroner's inquest.

We certainly have no square-riggers to-day, but small sailing craft abound in our waters as never before, and men brought up in them from boyhood are not easily to be given points in yacht sailing by Jack Tars of whatever nationality. Nowhere in the world can such hordes of small yachts be encountered as frequently assemble each summer at certain harbors on the Atlantic coast of the United States. Whether all owners of palatial steam or sailing yachts particularly enjoy the pastime may well be open to question, but there can be no reasonable doubt in the case of the thousands who year after year stow themselves like sardines on board small craft of every known design, and often cruise for hundreds of miles under conditions wholly intolerable to any but the most confirmed and hopeless "boat cranks."

Such as these are beyond question Americans in whom the seagoing instinct is simply rampant. Their name, too, is legion, even in these degenerate days of no sailing ships. Nothing deters them; their heads are mostly black and blue from thumping the cabin carlines; sun-parched decks leak, and wet with rain water cherished spots or clothing not already soaked by the salt; stoves smoke, and in many exasperating ways balk ravenous appetites of relief; while in frequent overturnings below, caused by choppy seas, kerosene oil invariably finds its way into both coffee-pot and frying-pan. Furious squalls call for hurried reefing in rain and darkness; anchors drag "home," and miserable nights are spent drifting hopelessly lost in fog; all manner of scrapes are got into and got out of with more or less success, only to increase the desire of



FISH WEIRS

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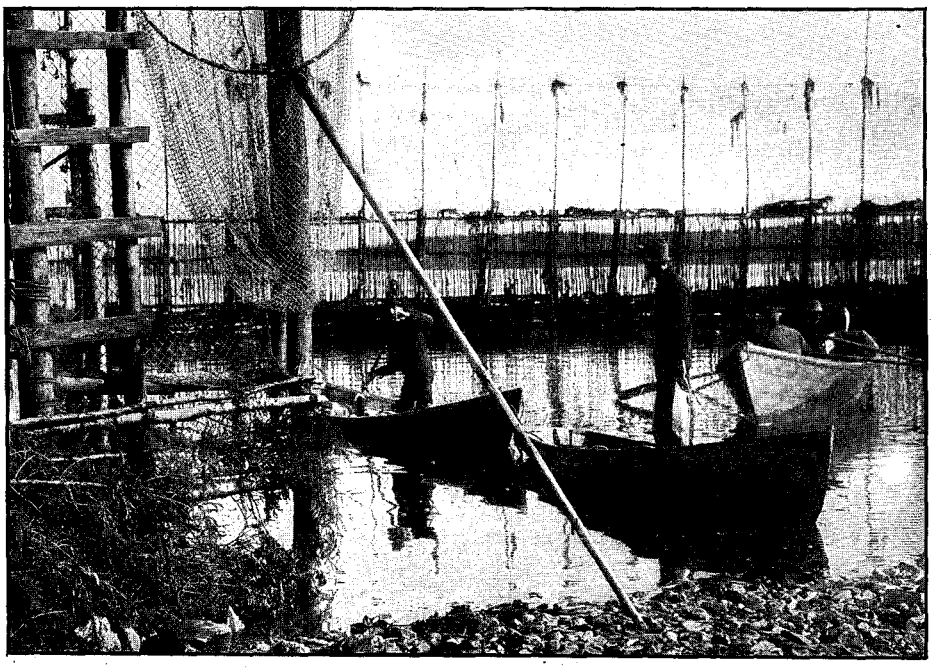
these amateur sailormen for more of the same sort another season.

In a country possessing so enormous and diversified a stretch of seacoast as ours, it seems inevitable that a large and constantly increasing number of people will always be found who, either in search of pleasure or through earning their livelihoods in various ways, are sufficiently expert in the handling of small craft at least. Taking into account the numberless yachts of small or medium size manned by owners and friends, which fairly swarm upon the northern coast each season, and the thousands of lusty men who, turning their backs upon more remunerative and steady employment upon land, nevertheless continue in the attempt to eke out a living by arduous labor along the shore, those most conversant with conditions find it hard to believe the assertion that old-time love of the sea is dead or dying in the Yankee breast of these latter days.

Many, it may be, weary of so constant a struggle with the elements for bread, temporarily abandon the life for one of greater comfort inland; yet, as descendants of the dauntless whalers who gained world-wide celebrity a generation since, and of the merchantmen who once carried the Stars and Stripes into all navigable waters of the earth, the strain of salt water still remains in their veins, and it is most noticeable how many such men, even after years of absence, find the hankering irresistible, and, throwing up their jobs in the interior, return to sniff once more the salt sea air and the alluring odor of kelps.

Though Gloucester's fishing population is to-day almost entirely foreign, in certain far down east seacoast towns a few Grand Bankers and other large fishermen, manned to a great extent by natives, are still annually fitted out. There are also a large number of smaller craft known as "shore fishermen," often owned wholly or in part by the skipper, and manned, after the good old fashion, by natives of the ports from whence they hail.

In winter these vessels commonly follow trawling in the vicinity of home, but often in the early spring take on board seines and nets and start towards the south to meet the mackerel in their yearly migration up the coast. Upon the appearance of swordfish later in the season, the bowsprits of these vessels are fitted with a sort of iron chair called



INSIDE THE WEIR

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PULLING THE LOBSTER-POTS

a "pulpit," from which perch shafts of eloquence in the shape of barbed harpoons are hurled at the fish by some strong-armed expert among the crew.

In the pursuit of lobstering on the New England coast about three thousand men are employed at present. Their innumerable small wooden buoys, attached by tarred warps to the traps on bottom, painted in distinguishing colors and branded according to law with the owner's name, are most familiar objects in from two to a dozen fathoms of water as far south as Cape Cod. Beyond this they are found in diminishing numbers, and the Jersey coast is the extreme limit of the fishery, so that, approximately speaking, it may be said that lobstering ends where oyster-dredging begins.

Until within quite recent years lobster-traps were invariably home-made affairs, consisting usually of laths nailed over roughly bent hoops of some pliable wood, and kept in place on bottom by stones placed inside. Such traps are still common enough in the summer and in waters sheltered from the action of storms, but they stand very little surging to and fro upon a rocky bottom, and in winter are now quite generally supplanted by more durable ones of red oak. This material is prepared by machinery and furnished to the lobstermen in stout bundles ready to be put together.

With the growing scarcity of lobsters, the fishers are yearly forced to place their "gear" further off-shore, in the deeper water frequented by the fish during cold weather. Though this entails much greater exposure in tending gear, the traps themselves are less liable to damage from wave-motion on the bottom during storms than when placed in shoaler waters nearer land.

In order to locate his own particular "gang" of traps, when setting them in position, the lobster-catcher is careful to observe the range of certain prominent objects on the distant mainland, or on islands, ledges, etc., more readily serving his purpose. With two ranges or "marks" of this sort carefully taken at nearly right angles, the lobsterman rarely loses time, unless in thick weather, in searching for his "gang" of traps, but easily places his boat among them,

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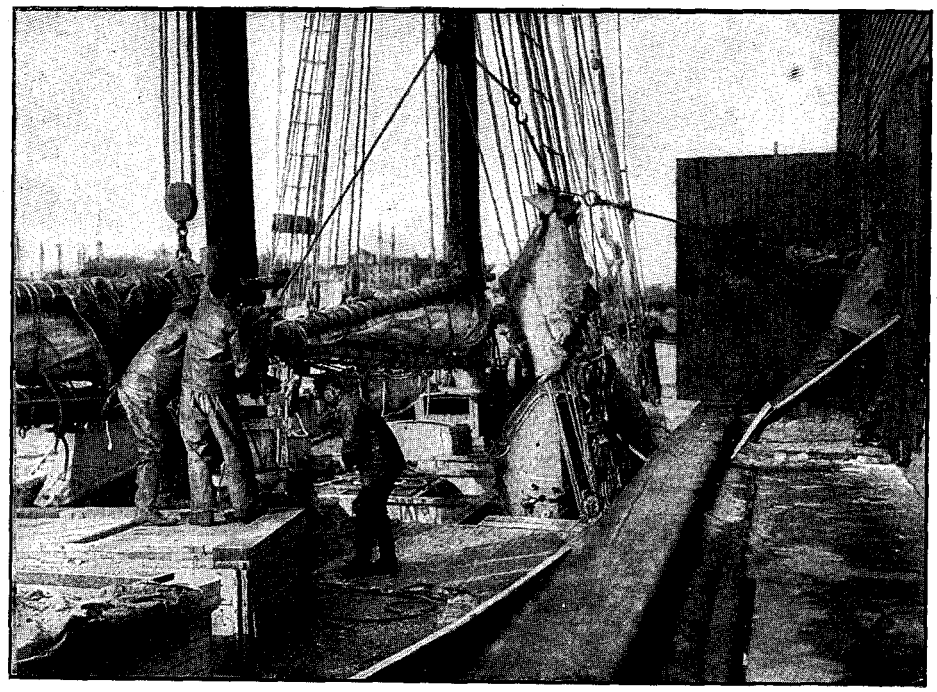
even when perhaps eight or ten miles off shore.

"Where are you 'set' this week, Jim?" one man will inquire of another.

"Oh, the Corner meetin'-house steeple plumb in the middle of the big hill; old Bill Thurlow's red barn right atop of the spindle on Gangway Island ledge," may be the laconic reply, but it tells the whole story better than a government chart. On the whole bluff northern coast, fishing grounds of all varieties are invariably located by ranges of like nature, the "marks" sometimes being held as secrets in certain families, and handed down from father to son. This system of charting fishing grounds easily explains the surprising number of "Mark Islands" constantly met with, particularly on the irregular, splintered shores of Maine.

But after any really severe storm the lobster-catcher's "marks" are too often of little avail, for even at a depth of ten fathoms, and so heavily ballasted on the bottom that it is a back-breaking task to raise them to the surface, the deep-running ground-swell of a long northeaster often grinds the best-made traps to pieces, or sweeps them, more or less damaged, many miles to leeward of the "marks."

For the purpose of visiting and "pulling" traps at frequent intervals, dories, "peapods," and other small rowing craft assisted by a spritsail are very commonly used in moderate weather during the summer. In winter, cabin sloops of from thirty to forty feet in length are necessary for the onerous work in hand, and it is safe to say that, inch for inch, no more able class of boats can be found in the world than the Maine lobster sloops. Both in design and build they present a refreshing contrast to the freak craft which the craze for speed alone has of late brought so much in vogue among yachts. Deep, beamy, heavily ballasted, stoutly built and rigged, these most weatherly little craft constantly face winter weather under circumstances which would speedily drive the average modern yacht of much greater tonnage scurrying "to find a hole in the beach," as the saying goes. It is gratifying now to recall the fact that in 1895, with a crew who received their early training in the lobster sloops of Deer Isle and Isle au Haut, on the coast of Maine, Defender won hand-



DISCHARGING HALIBUT

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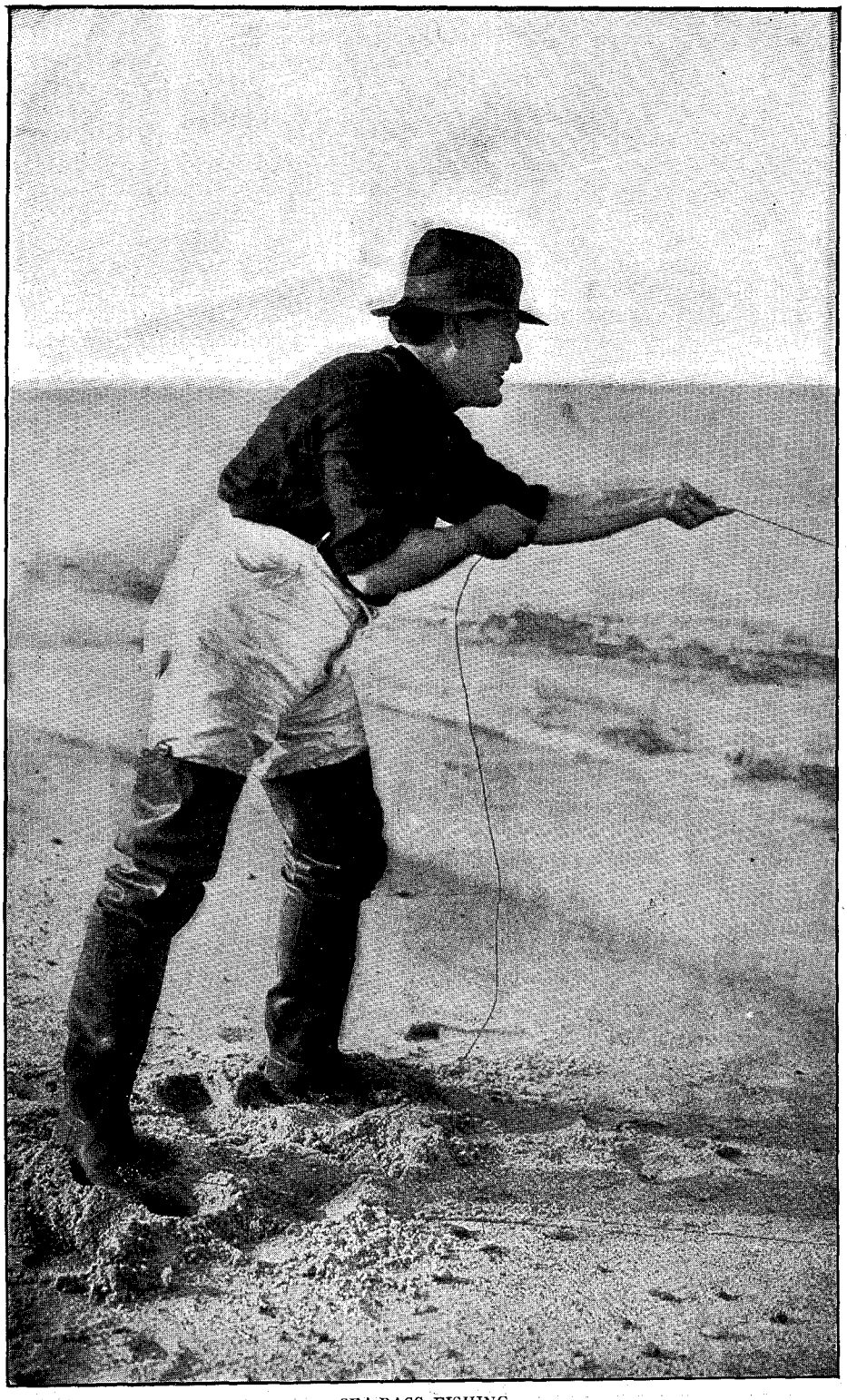

SEA-BASS FISHING

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somely against Valkyrie III. after the only genuine international contest for the America Cup in recent years.

Lobsters collected from the traps are at once placed in floating cars moored in some sheltered nook. From thence the fisherman may himself ship them to market in barrels, as the occasion offers, though more commonly they are disposed of to one of the smacks that periodically visit all points of the coast for the purpose. To some extent such smacks also carry on a sort of maritime express business, often furnishing in the winter almost the only regular means of communication between the mainland and many isolated families entirely outside any line of travel.

And here it may not be amiss to note that the term "smack," so generally given by the uninitiated to fishing vessels indiscriminately, applies solely to the comparatively few such craft that are built with a "well," or large tank, in their holds. Constantly changing salt water is obtained through auger-holes in the vessel's planking, and thus fish of different kinds may be kept alive, if necessary, for indefinite periods. Not one fishing schooner in a hundred is so constructed, yet to the public at large, the compilers of "Webster" included, all fishing craft without exception continue as "smacks" to the end of the chapter.

Extending over a much longer stretch of shore than the glistening lobster buoys of the New England coast are the various picturesque devices for capturing fish known as weirs, pounds, and fish-traps. Although, owing to the varied requirements of different situations, scarcely any two are precisely alike in construction, yet the general principle remains the same. Stout hickory poles are driven into the soft bottom in shallow waters which the configuration of the adjacent shores causes fish to frequent. Netting is stretched upon these poles, those forming the "lead" being placed in such a way as to obstruct the passage of fish in certain directions and conduct them into the "heart" of the weir, from which they are further guided into a final smaller inclosure called the "bowl," and here easily taken into boats.

While in especially sheltered locations, as in rivers, etc., many weirs may be found built entirely of brush and worth little more than the labor of construction, others are extremely elaborate affairs, and often represent an outlay of several thousand dollars each. Such weirs, stand-

FISHING IN THE SURF

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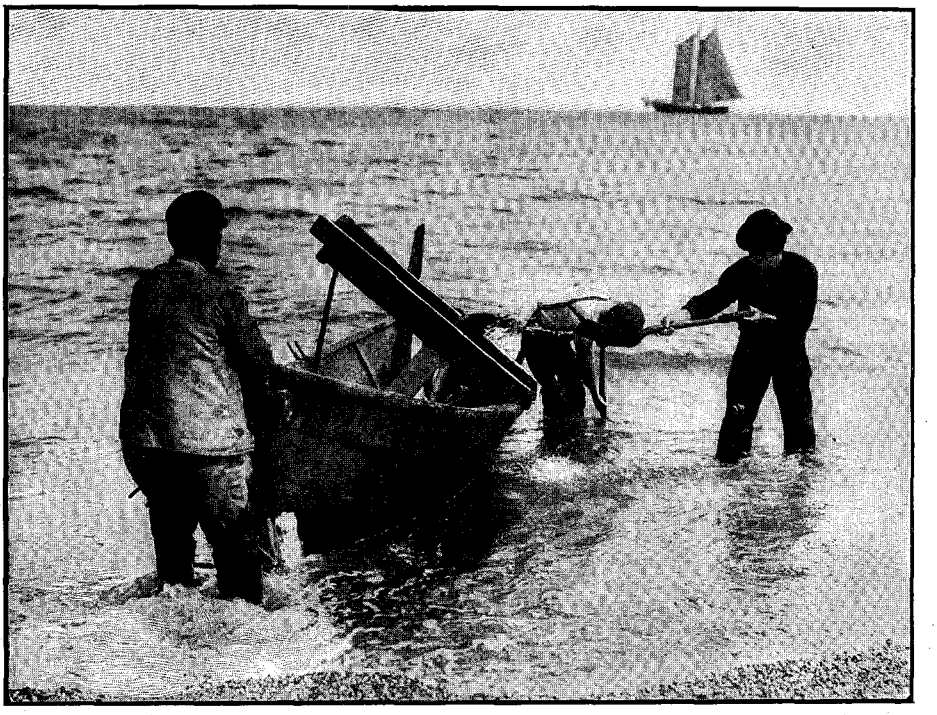
ing exposed to the action of the sea or to strong tidal currents, and with "leads" sometimes nearly a mile in length, are not only very expensive to build, but must needs be renewed in great part at short intervals. An attempt to use the gear of an outside weir more than a single season is in the autumn likely to involve loss of the whole structure and a catch of fish often worth more than the outfit itself. Even with the utmost precaution, many large weirs are annually destroyed by the severe easterly gales of autumn and early winter.

When the netting, or "twine," as it is technically known, becomes somewhat weakened by exposure and wear, it is removed and often sold for use again in more sheltered positions, till, having at length outlived all usefulness in this line, quantities may finally fill a popular demand for inexpensive chicken-coop material in many a maritime back yard.

Certain forms of weirs, in their various ramifications of netting suspended upon poles held upright by numberless lines running to anchors in all directions, resemble nothing so much as gigantic spider's webs. Festooned with seaweed and drift of all kinds, whether constructed of "twine" or of the more primitive brush variety, fish weirs, with their usual adjuncts of figures and boats, are a most picturesque feature of our river and coast scenery.

Originally designed chiefly for supplying food fish of various kinds, the hundreds of weirs along the coast are now more and more depended upon for furnishing the immense amount of bait necessary to "bankers," shore fishermen, and lobster-catchers.



GATHERING GRAVEL FOR ROOFING

Few people outside of those more or less directly interested realize in the least how serious a question that of bait has become; how at certain seasons of the year it is often more difficult to secure bait than to catch edible fish with it afterwards, while lack of it frequently entails losses which many subsequent trips will scarcely offset. From the man who, dip-net in hand, vainly scours the already scoured marshes in search of minnows wherewith to get a "mess" of smelts in the fall of the year, to the red-faced skippers of big schooners

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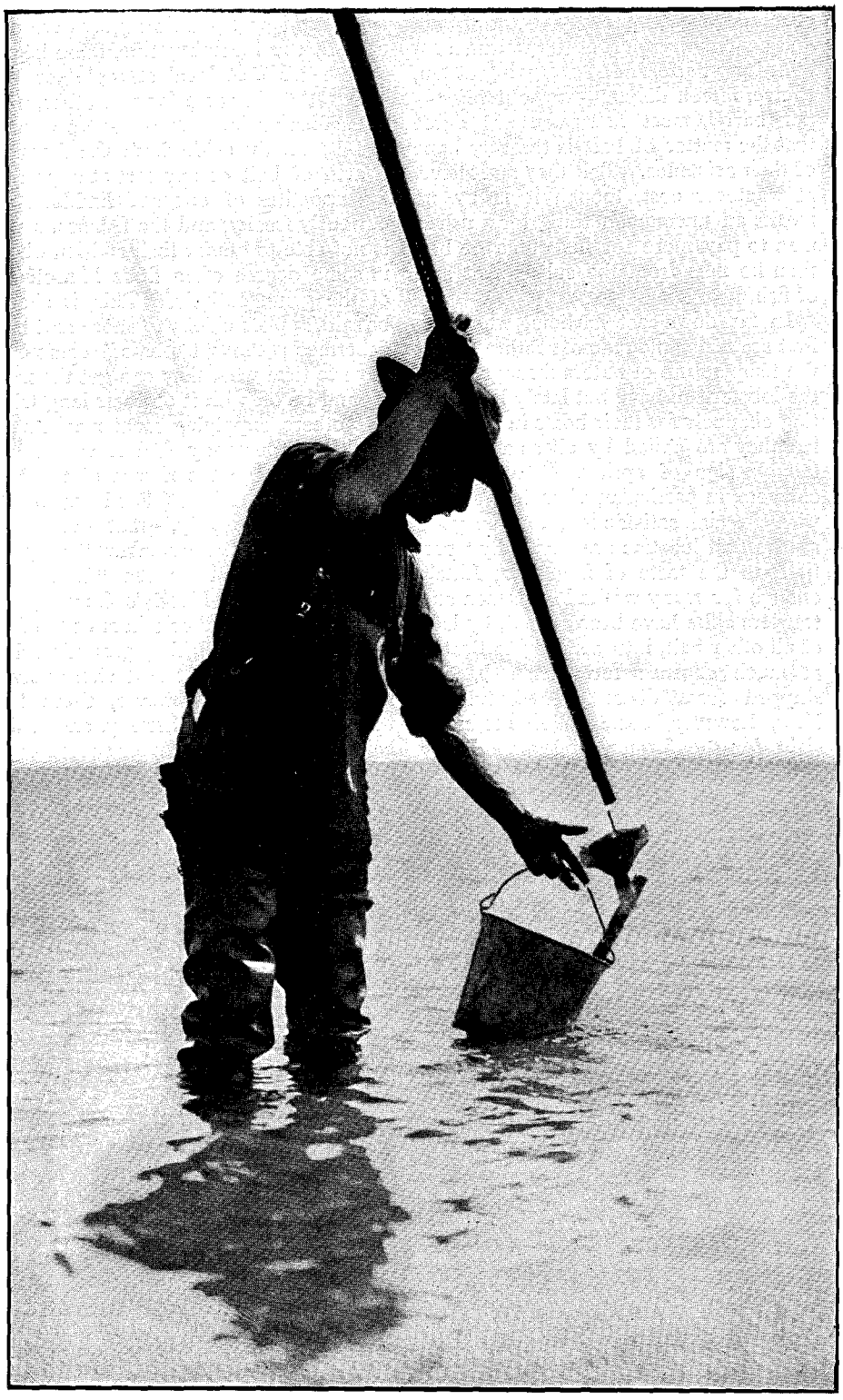

SPEARING FLOUNDERS

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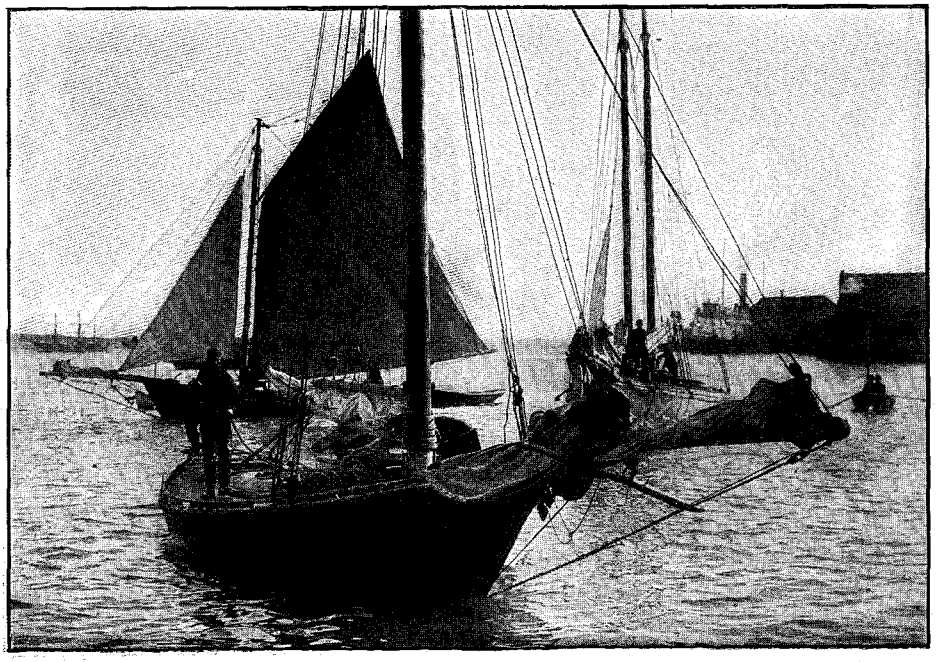
absolutely hung up through want of bait, and actually begging of the weirmen for their forty barrels or so of herring at ten, twelve, fifteen dollars—any old price—per barrel, most fishermen will agree that the matter of bait is the very bane of their existence. Bait they must have, at whatever cost, though it is by no means an uncommon thing for a fisherman to pay more for his quota of bait than he nets from the subsequent sale of fish.

In far down-east harbors, when the first scattering flounders venture to test the temperature of waters through which the lobstermen have but lately been cutting channels for their boats in a foot of ice, they are hailed by all as an unmistakable sign of spring. The lobster-catchers, in particular, view their advent with especial satisfaction, for the good reason that lobsters are decidedly "partial" to the taste of flounder. Likely enough for many weeks lobstermen and trawlers alike have been forced, by lack of all other bait, into sending to Boston at much expense for frozen herring shipped from distant Newfoundland. Now, however, some relief seems in sight for the former, at least. Rusty plaice-spears are hurriedly put in order again, and as the shining flats are covered by the incoming tide, there begins once more that local struggle for bait which lasts, in some form or other, until snow flies again.

But, wholly aside from the frequent dearth of bait of any sort at any price, the appetites of cod and haddock are curiously freaky, and the fisherman who is not able to humor their sudden whims in some degree often finds himself out of the game entirely. This, it should be said, applies chiefly to shore and boat fishermen; the "bankers" commonly have to take what they can get the most of, and be off with it on their long trips. But others, supplying local markets exclusively, constantly find it well worth while to change the nature of the bait when this is possible. For instance, till well along into July, great overgrown codfish known as "steakers" may be reported plentiful on the "Ten Acre Lot," on "Betty Moody's Garden," on "The Big Bumpo," or others of the fantastically named fishing grounds lying within reach of boat and shore fishermen. Gradually, however, these fish will refuse a diet of herring, and in the height of the silly summer season even turn disdainfully from squid, or blue-



IN HARBOR

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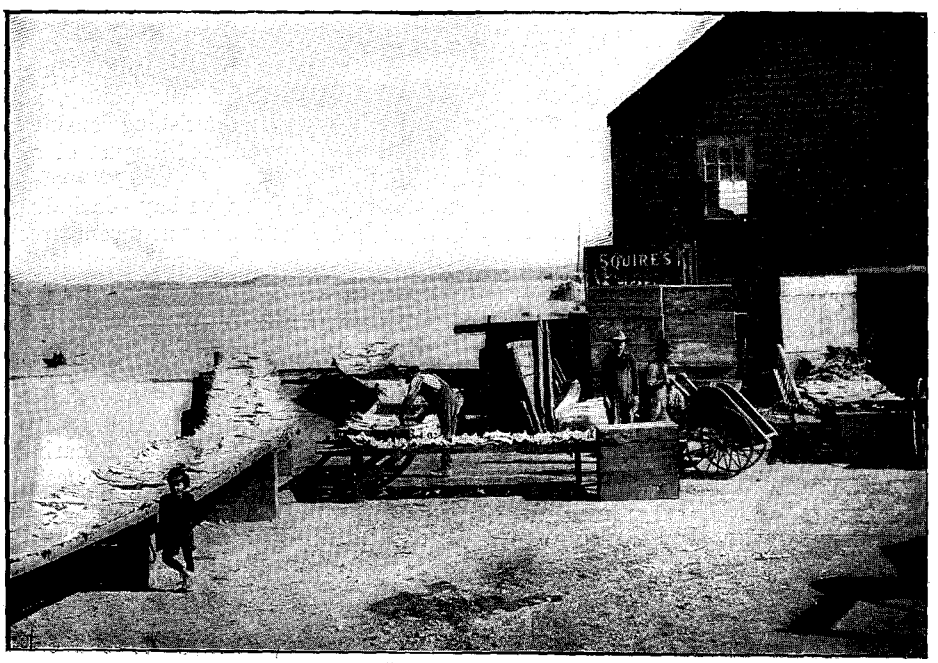
backs, and other tempting viands. Suddenly, just as fish-hungry summer boarders are distracting hotel-keepers with their importunities, some lucky hand-liner brings in a most profitable fare of "steakers," and though anxious enough to keep the thing to himself, it leaks out that the great fish have at last fallen victims to a strong weakness for *black lobster*, or meat taken from an ordinary lobster immediately after it has shed its shell.

A dozen large fishing schooners carrying crews of a dozen or fifteen men each have lain idly at anchor for weeks in the mouth of the Merrimac River, because unable to secure bait enough to warrant starting for the Banks. In the same predicament, each year numbers of these vessels cast anchor at Kittery Point, Maine, and, in lieu of other bait, wait until a supply of shellfish known as "wrinkle" has been laboriously picked from neighboring flats at low tide. On these occasions the boys of the vicinity often reap a harvest, for the price paid is sometimes a dollar a bucket, and each vessel may require two hundred or more.

When herring bait is scarce, and worth ten or twelve dollars the barrel, there are likely to be very animated scenes in the immediate vicinity of large outside weirs, at the regular early morning hour of taking the catch from the bowl. Half a dozen fishing vessels, which may have journeyed long distances for the purpose, lie at anchor close by, and their dories, manned by eager and noticeably plain-spoken men in yellow oilskins, crowd thickly about the inclosure just as the hot summer sun is climbing out of the crimson sea.

Together the big dories bump and thump, locking oars with one another and the numerous boats of local fishermen, many of whom, in their anxiety to be served, may have spent the night on the spot in their open craft. When possible, each customer engages his desired amount of bait on the day previous, and these naturally take precedence, regular patrons expecting to be especially favored. But very often the catch falls decidedly short. Perhaps there may not be even enough to supply all the local boat fishermen with the bushel or so needed for the ensuing day's work, much less load the great, high-sided dories of the loud clamoring crowd from the big vessels.

Such circumstances, it may easily be



"MAKING FISH"

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imagined, are most conducive to fiery disputes and wordy mix-ups of exceedingly boisterous nature. Couched in language not in the least obscure, though embellished with a redundancy of chiefly maritime expletives, the would-be customers alternately coax, upbraid, and threaten in a strenuous attempt to secure a share of the bait, wherewith to go about their business.

As autumn approaches, both fishermen and lobster-catchers look hopefully forward to the chances of securing bait for the fall fishing by means of "torching herring" at night. A huge torch of kerosene is rigged in the bow of a dory, which is then rowed or sailed briskly about the harbor where schools of the fish have been seen. If the night is dark and the water does not "fire," *i. e.*, is not phosphorescent at the time, myriads of herring may be expected to "rise to the torch" just in advance of the dory, and so be bailed into her by a man stationed in the bow with a scoop-net. Or in other cases seines and nets may be set, into which the fish are hoodwinked through their intense desire to follow the flaring light on dark, frosty nights in the fall of the year. And yet, such is the well-known perversity of herring, while the surface surrounding the boat is literally seething with the struggles of fish rushing in upon the torch from all directions, without any apparent reason, in an instant its attraction may cease completely. With a simultaneous swish of tails, which can often be heard at a surprising distance, presto! the fish are gone, and waters but a moment before well-nigh solid with them become to all appearance as deserted as the Dead Sea itself.

In the same widespread effort to secure sufficient bait, each night during the season thousands of floating herring nets are set in the waters of the entire northern seaboard. Like the numerous mackerel nets, they frequently encroach upon the fairway of passing vessels, and great numbers are annually badly torn or lost outright from this cause.

Eeling furnishes desultory employment to not a few residents of localities favored by these toothsome fish, and is also pursued by more strictly professional "eelers" who visit such spots in small vessels equipped with hundreds of wicker or wire eel-pots of the most approved design, and ship their accumulated catch to market in New York or Boston. After one locality has been thoroughly fished out for the time, they up anchor and sail along to another, but certainly nowhere received with any degree of cordiality by the shore folk. With the coming of cold weather, however, their business ceases abruptly, since commonly with the first frosts, and always after the first fall of snow, the eels embed themselves in soft mud for the winter. Many are then secured by natives with spears from boats or through holes cut in the ice over the muddy flats where they lie buried.

Other salt-water fisheries prosecuted in winter by dwellers on the seaboard are scallop-dredging with boats, and smelt-fishing through the ice. The tiny white huts of the "smelters," each fitted with a pair of runners to facilitate transportation, frequently are familiar mid-winter sights upon many rivers and inlets of the more northern coast.

"Traders," veritable floating stores displaying glass show-cases, five-cent counters, and other undoubted attractions of the metropolis, drifting with some favorable breeze of summer, occasionally anchor in the more remote harbors of the down-east country, and apparently do a flourishing business, often to the unconcealed disgust of any local tradesman.

Old junk in great variety—including, maybe, pickings from some recent wreck in the vicinity—pelts, and quantities of dried fish, are boated out alongside the vessel, and "traded" to the best advantage for groceries, cheap jewelry, or dry goods—together with, in some rare instances, let it be whispered, goods not so dry.

In certain roadsteads and harbors especially frequented by coasting vessels and fishermen, many anchors are yearly lost by parting of the cables. This may occur through stress of weather, but is often the result of carelessness in checking the vessel's headway when anchoring; in "snubbing her up" too suddenly. From lack of experience or proper appli-

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ances, anchors thus lost are seldom recovered by their owners at the time, and in this way business is created for professional anchor-dredgers. In vessels fitted out for the express purpose, these men make the round of ports best known to offer opportunities, and, by dint of much patience and adroitness in their peculiar line of work, often achieve seemingly hopeless tasks.

The foregoing enumeration of the various ways in which those dwelling on the edges of the sea succeed in gaining a living from it makes no claim to completeness. Nor is it in the least urged that because a man may be constitutionally fitted for drawing smelts through a hole in the ice, or is much given to the practice of spearing eels from a flat-bottom punt, he must necessarily be consumed with desire to "lay out" on a yard and reef topsails in a gale of wind at sea, still less to attempt the Northwest Passage. Many of those who now in one way or another pick up none too good a living along the shore are at present obviously unfit for anything else.

But in case the assembled and blended wisdom of legislators ever succeeds in devising means for restoring to our countrymen their rightful heritage upon the open sea, it is reasonably certain that there will be no lack of native Americans to seize the golden opportunity, and once more gain for themselves the proud distinction they formerly enjoyed, of being the most capable seamen who ever trod ratlines.

RANSOM

BY ALDIS DUNBAR

Sorrow and care and bitter discord
  Close in a sheaf of dreariness bind.
Overlook naught of the darksome hoard;
  Gather it all and leave none behind.
Shoulder it! Carry the burden gray
  Out of the valley—too calm and still.
Clamber and mount by the rough-hewn way,
  Up to the windy crest o' the hill—
    The crest o' the hill!

Stand where the northerly breezes blow,
  Fresh from the forest, and keen to face.
Cling, as you will, to the cherished woe;
  Here shall it vanish and leave no trace.
Only a shadow of brave regret—
  Rue for the hours given o'er to ill—
Tarries and lingers behind it yet,
  Here on the windy crest o' the hill—
    The crest o' the hill!

Welcome the force of the rising gale;
  Sturdily greet it—a comrade strong.
Breathe in its vigor! With zest inhale!
  Hark to the laugh in its gusty song!
Then shall you take from the pine-crowned height
  New resolution and clear good-will,
Courage to render the dark days bright,
  Far from the windy crest o' the hill—
    The crest o' the hill!

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THE CATHEDRAL OF ALL SAINTS AS IT WILL APPEAR WHEN COMPLETED

From the design of the architect, Mr. Robert W. Gibson

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AN AMERICAN CATHEDRAL

BY MARY PARKINSON

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS MADE WITH THE PERMISSION OF THE CHAPTER OF THE CATHEDRAL OE ALL SAINTS

" Man builds the soaring spires
That sing his soul in stone."

IN a country where architectural designs too frequently prove a subject for futile reproach and lamentation, where the fantastic and grotesque are added to the mean and the trivial, where pepper-pot turrets are combined with Italian loggias and German steeples, and where haste seems the chief element in construction, one turns with relief to the slow and dignified growth of the Albany Cathedral.

This building has the peculiar charm of a transitional period. Here artistic sensibility, with its accompanying knowledge of tradition, has been allowed a normal growth. There is no crowding of impressions, no purposeless prodigalities or extraordinary climaxes, but, on the contrary, there is a seeming disdain for facile effects, and there is a stealing sense of harmony, which leaves with the observer a treasure of soothing impressions.

Doubtless the emotions of the average building committee of a parish would be thrown into hopeless disarray at the thought of anything so irregular as a structure which would take over twenty-two years to build. But the idea of the Albany Cathedral originated solely with one man, the Bishop of the diocese, and it is chiefly owing to his untiring energy and unwearying patience that it has been carried so far towards completion. With its wide portals standing open toward all the world, it is already a source of public benefit and enjoyment and stands a fitting monument to the noble work of a noble man.

Although the corner-stone of the Cathedral was laid in 1884, the choir is as yet the only part that is fully completed. The structure (three hundred and sixty feet in length), consisting of a nave with aisles on either side, a crossing and transepts, and choir (ninety feet in length), with aisles and ambulatory,[1] already produces charming effects of light and line, and recalls in the ribbed vaulting, pointed arches, slender shafts, and continuous piers reaching from the pavement to the vaulting, some of the best Gothic architecture of France, which is, of course, the original home of "pure Gothic." For it is sometimes difficult to imbue the uninitiated with the fact that pointed architecture is not always, in the strict sense of the word, "pure" Gothic architecture. In fact, as in England, where organic consistency and completeness and a logical adjustment of part to part (which are the fundamental marks of Gothic) are often lacking, one hears certain very beautiful and historically interesting buildings persistently alluded to as "pure" Gothic, which is, of course, pure nonsense. Wherever the employment of structural members is governed only by ornamental motives, without logical regard to structural use and propriety, that building is *not* "pure" Gothic, although it may have important Gothic features and form a very beautiful architectural design. Take, for instance, Salisbury Cathedral, with its pointed arches, innumerable moldings and slender shafts. It has no continuous piers reaching from the pavement to the external cornice (that is, it has no connection between the vaulting and lower stories of the structure), there is no system of external flying buttress, and so there is no functional framework, and although it has certain Gothic tendencies, it is a ponderous walled edifice and is in many respects a very wide departure from "pure" Gothic principles.

[1] Ambulatory—aisles surrounding the *east* end of the choir.

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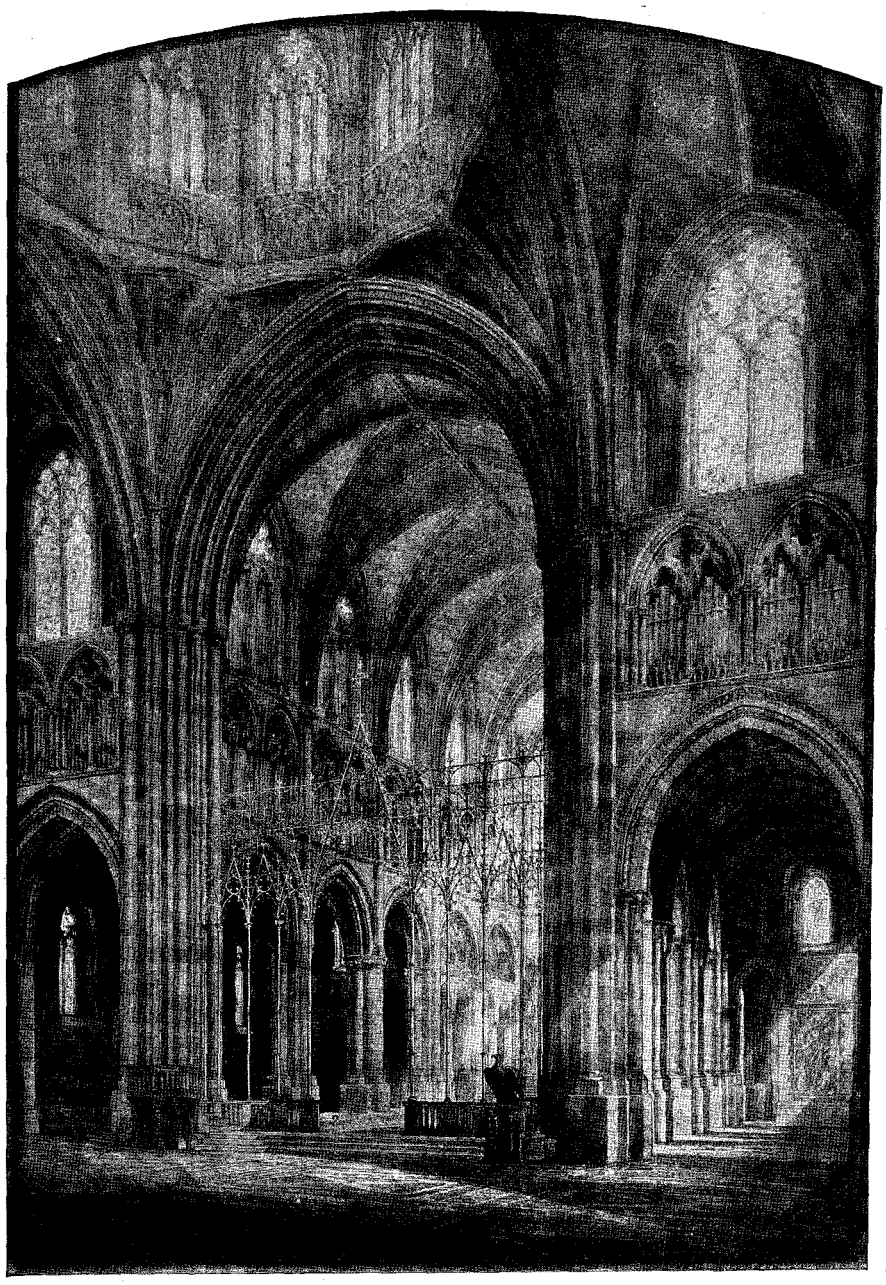

THE CHOIR AND THE LANTERN AS THEY WILL APPEAR WHEN COMPLETED
From the architect's drawing

One has only to compare it with the beautiful Amiens Cathedral in France to note the difference.

It is, indeed, the latter cathedral that is recalled slightly by the choir at Albany—that is, as to the somewhat similar treatment of the triforium, and the ribbed vaulting and slender shafts. Here, on the other hand, the choir's east end terminates in a square, which is thoroughly English in design, not having the apsidal [1] form, as in most of the Gothic cathedrals in France. The choir is ninety-five feet in width, including the aisles,

[1] Apsidal—semicircular termination of the sanctuary of a church.

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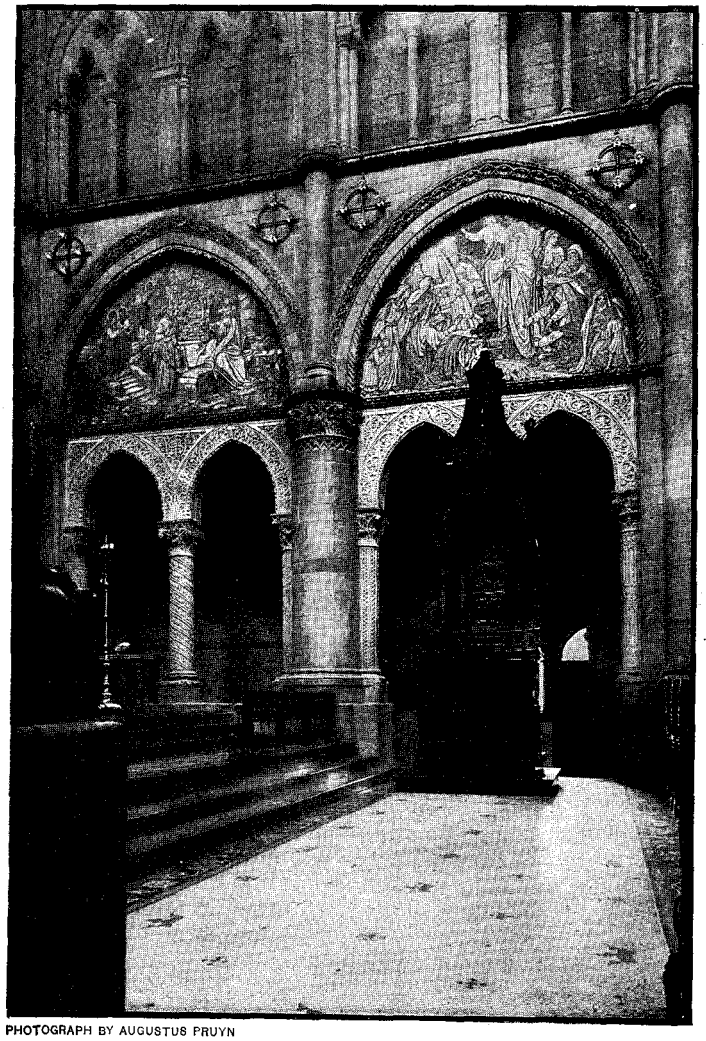
and the height of the walls of the clerestory is eighty feet from the street. The triforium consists of two arches in each bay, encompassing a sub-order of two pointed arches on clustered shafts, whose small capitals are admirably adjusted in shape to the sections which they carry. In the clerestory the arched openings fill almost the entire space between the vaults and are subdivided into two long arched windows below and a small circular window above. This whole upper structure of triforium and clerestory is remarkable for its lightness and elegance of design, and affords an admirable illustration of Gothic art.

Over the carved reredos is to be seen an exceedingly fine example of stained glass, consisting of a wheel window (which almost fills the arch) above and five compartments below. The upper part of the window commemorates the various saints, the central panel the Holy Spirit, and the five lancets below represent events in the Divine Life. This window was given as a token of love and gratitude to the Bishop of the diocese by his many friends and admirers. The supporting columns of the choir, dividing the five bays, are alternately round and square, with shafts attached, and are placed upon square bases and are orna-



PHOTOGRAPH BY AUGUSTUS PRUYN

THE BISHOP'S THRONE

This picture shows also the tympana of the arches

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mented with griffes [1] covering the angles. The profiles of the abaci [2] are round and square respectively, and the capitals on the inner sections of the columns are bell-shaped, carved with a design; the capitals of the other section are suitably adapted in shape to the massive columns of which they form the upper part. There are four stone mosaics in the tympana of the arches on either side of the sanctuary, representing the Giving of Manna, the Feeding of the Five Thousand, Moses Smiting the Rock, and the Woman of Samaria. These mosaics are executed in the faintest, softest pastel shades, and, with the carving of the arches, they give much charm and character to the whole.

In this splendid setting of the choir are placed the clergy stalls, which are beautiful examples of seventeenth-century wood-carving, and were brought from an old church in Bruges. They are a striking feature, with their harmony of line and color, throwing their deep shadows against the outer wall of the aisles. The stalls in front of these are new and of graceful design, and the fusion between the new and the old is effected by an admirable unity of color and arrangement.

The whole interior of the building is of stone, of a soft, tender brown color, which in the north and south transepts is enriched by two magnificent rose windows (the so-called Bishop's and Dean's eye) modeled on traditional lines, and although the leading of the north transept window is far too heavy for the exquisite tracery of the design, when gilded with sunlight the depth of the contrasting shades of red, purple, blue, etc., is brought out with vivid effect. Of the large window placed in the western termination of the nave, the writer can only say, in deep dejection of spirit, that the designer seems to have had a superhuman grasp of what was inherently least suited to stained glass! The placing of the heads between the leading is unpardonable, and if this window is an example of native American art, the fact is fraught—like the perilously easy art of modern versifying—with many painful possibilities.

The exterior of the Cathedral is ultimately to be of stone, and of the aspect of the great western façade to be added to the present structure too much in praise cannot be said. The general scheme resembles somewhat (without the costly elaboration and square towers) some of the French cathedrals. On the ground story are three arched and beautifully carved portals, giving access respectively to the nave and two aisles. The divisions are admirably proportioned and subdivided, and stretch almost across the entire front of the façade. In the center of the gable are a small wheel window above and five arched openings below, beneath which and directly above the central portal is a vast wheel window, which is flanked on either side by towers.

The division of the interior west end, on the other hand, is not so admirable. The nave impresses one as too broad for the aisles, and indeed makes the latter, which form so beautiful a part of the French cathedrals, a singularly ineffective feature in the total design. Again, the windows of the nave appear diminutive in comparison with the massive walls in which they are placed, and in consequence fail to add much to the general effect. But some one has said that one must not judge a work of art by its defects, and at the east end the aisles and ambulatory are in excellent proportion to the whole. The dome, or lantern tower, which is to be added to the Cathedral over the transept crossing, recalls slightly the old Salamanca Cathedral in Spain. The dome, as such, is not exactly a "pure" Gothic feature, nor can it always be developed in a Gothic direction; it is seldom seen in French cathedrals, though frequently to be found in England. But this is not a common dome. The outside is of good proportion and interesting form. The vertical structure appears, from the drawing, to be a polygon, and is treated in a way that produces an effective system of abutments. With its traceried windows and small towers of rich ornamental design, it forms a most satisfactory effect. Thus in this building a clever mingling of French, English, and Spanish characteristics is manifest,

[1] Griffes—ornaments on the bases of pillars connecting the angles with the plinth.
[2] Abaci—slabs forming the upper part of the pillars.

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THE RT. REV. WILLIAM CROSWELL DOANE, D.D., LL.D., D.C.L.
Bishop of Albany, New York.

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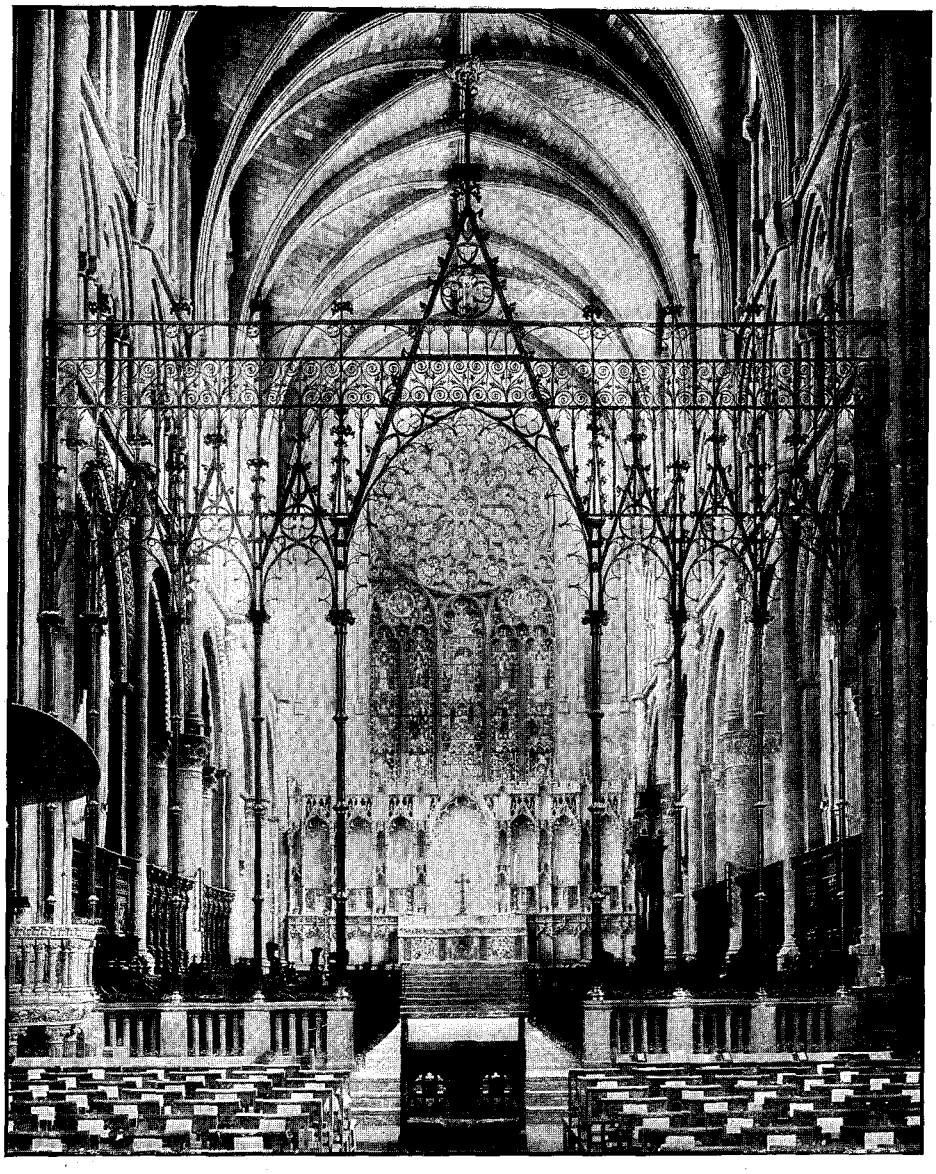

THE CHOIR, SHOWING THE ROOD SCREEN

and its beauty of design and elegance of form are noteworthy.

Some historical details of the Albany Cathedral are also worth consideration, for they recall the glory of certain traditions closely connected with the State and country. It is very fitting, and a curious coincidence, that the oldest cathedral corporation (Episcopal) in America should be situated in Albany, one of the most familiar centers of influence, as having been the birthplace and home of several of our oldest and most noted historical figures. It is, indeed, the significance of many details that forms one of the chief charms of the cathedral. The windows and the carving on the pillars commemorate such names as Schuyler, 1633, Gansevoort, 1660, Van Rensselaer, 1630, Pruyn, 1665, and many more of which space does not permit the enumeration. As one views these names on pillar and window one is afforded an opportunity to recall with

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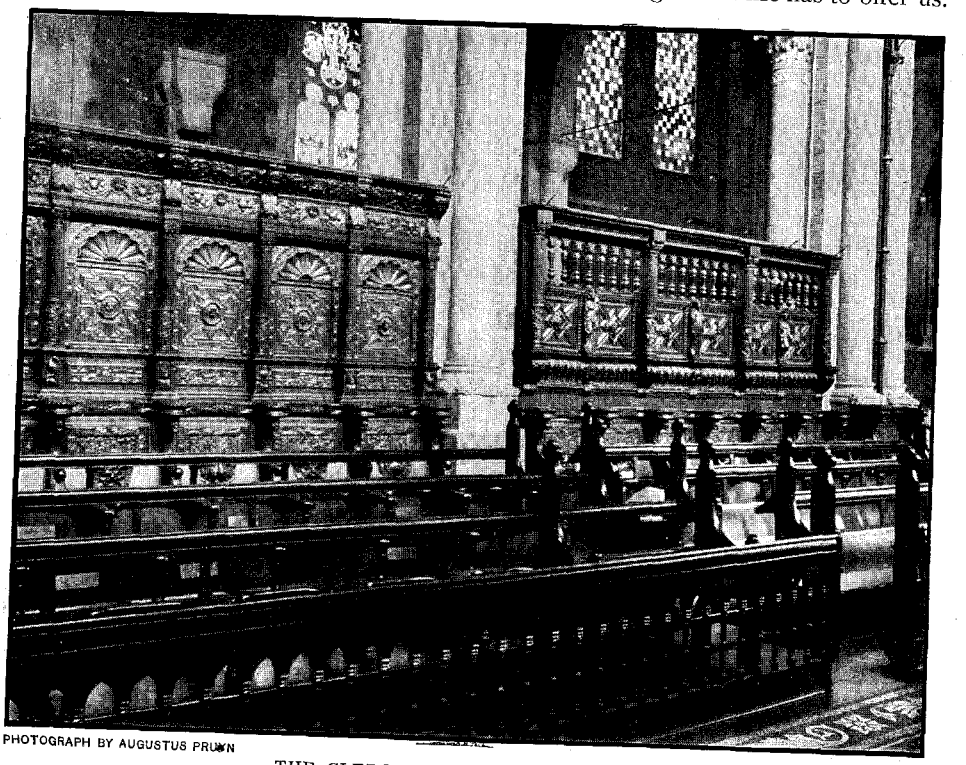
curious vividness the presence of those befrilled gallants, with their powdered hair and queues, their glittering knee and shoe buckles and gay satin coats, pursuing their duties and pleasures with that sense of leisure and well-bred calmness, that absence of hurry and confusion, which is so typical of the days before the Revolution, and not, alas! to be found so frequently in our own day and generation. But it was also upon these men and their clear-sighted practicability that an oppressed throng of colonists depended to set them free from a tyrannical supremacy and to bring them relief from the storms of passing times. In Europe it is frequently charged against Americans that they excel in the things "that are seen," in objects that manifest themselves quickly to the eye; whereas it is claimed for Europe that it excels in the things "that are *not* seen," the stories *behind* some old building, the ideals behind some story—in a word, tradition. It is supposed to be this that makes the charm of England so very illusory and difficult for the average American to catch. But surely, as one stands in this impressive and noble Cathedral of Albany, with its spaciousness of line and curve, its massive walls of tender brown, its beauty of carved detail and wealth of historic names on pillar and window, it seems to have a fine quality of tradition and aloofness. It is fitting, indeed, that these names are commemorated in the stones of this building and are laid, by descendants, a reverent offering upon the altar of humanity "to burn and enlighten."

And so, wandering from aisle to choir, in the late afternoon, the twilight throwing mysterious shadows across the dusky threshold, and the last notes of the great organ filling distant aisles and corners with an overpowering melody, there seem to be a climbing of the baffled spirit towards the light, and a stirring of those depths that lead to the precious result—suggestive, awakening—of making us think of higher things, surely the most fruitful gift that life has to offer us.



PHOTOGRAPH BY AUGUSTUS PRUYN

THE CLERGY STALLS IN THE CHOIR

These stalls, of carved oak, were brought from a church in Bruges

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MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS
From a miniature once in her possession

A Queen's Prayer

Translation by J. C. Crowell

THE Latin original is from the prayer-book of Mary Queen of Scots and is believed to be her composition. In no edition of Latin Hymns, ancient or modern, has the translator been able to find another metrical version in English.

O DOMINE Deus,
Speravi in te!
O care mi Jesu,
Nunc libera me!
In dura catena,
In misera poena,
Desidero te.
Languendo, gemendo,
Et genuflectendo,
Adoro, imploro,
Ut liberes me!

O LORD God Almighty,
My hope is in Thee!
O Jesus Beloved,
Now liberate me!
In fetters oppressing,
In pain sore distressing,
I, longing, crave Thee.
With fainting and weeping,
On bended knee keeping,
Adore I, implore I
That Thou set me free!

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MAKING THE WORKING-GIRL A CRAFTSWOMAN

BY ELIZABETH McCRACKEN

The following article was written last spring. Since that time the Manhattan Trade School has given up the house described in Miss McCracken's account, and has bought a larger building at 209 East Twenty-third Street, New York City. This building is commodious, modern, and well equipped, but its purchase and maintenance lay, of course, a very heavy financial burden upon the voluntary society which carries on the school. Those who believe, as The Outlook does, that this country needs to develop industrial training for all classes more than any other branch of education, can find no better practical example of the principles, methods, and achievements of industrial education than in the Manhattan Trade School. In a recent report to the Canadian Minister of Education the Inspector of Technical Education speaks of the school in the following words: "This is probably the most interesting and successful effort that has been made in educational practice in the New World. It depends for its support entirely on voluntary contributions. In 1905 it expended nearly $30,000. A new building has been purchased at a cost of $200,000. The Director of the school is Professor Mary Schenck Woolman, Director of Domestic Art, Teachers College, Columbia University, and never before has such a close connection been made and maintained between education and practical life as is to be seen here. Every one of the teachers has been actually engaged in the trades Miss Woolman is teaching, and conversations with the teachers and inspection of their methods show that they have a thorough grasp of the requirements of their students. That the instruction given is of the right kind is shown by the fact that the demand for the workers is greater than the supply, and those firms that have tried them even offer a premium for obtaining more. The possibilities of a school of this type seem almost endless, and the work being done here is receiving much attention from every part of the world." Such work deserves not only the notice of educators, but also the especial consideration and support of business men and employers of labor.—THE EDITORS.

PRIOR to going, some time ago, to spend a day at the Manhattan Trade School for Girls, for the purpose of observing from hour to hour the activities of the institution, it seemed advisable to inquire somewhat statistically as to what the school already had accomplished; to learn, before seeing it make history, so to speak, as many as possible of the important facts of the history it already had made. By way of foundation to an account of a visit which, beginning with one day, overlapped upon another and still another day, it seems well to make of these acquired facts what a modern playwright would call a "historical synopsis."

The Manhattan Trade School for Girls was opened in New York City four years ago, as an experiment. In the words of the first annual report, "The thought that animated the founders of the school was the conviction that the trades need skilled labor, and that working-girls need to be skilled in order adequately to meet that demand."

The school is entirely without precedent. It was the first, and until about a year and a half ago, when a similar institution was established in Boston, it was the only such school in the United States. Trade schools for girls exist, it is true, in a number of European countries; in some instances these schools are nearly half a century old. But so minutely is each one of them adapted to the needs of the particular city and country in which it is located that the Director of the Manhattan Trade School found, after spending six months in a careful investigation of trade schools in Belgium, Paris, Switzerland, and Italy, that there was nothing in the detail of

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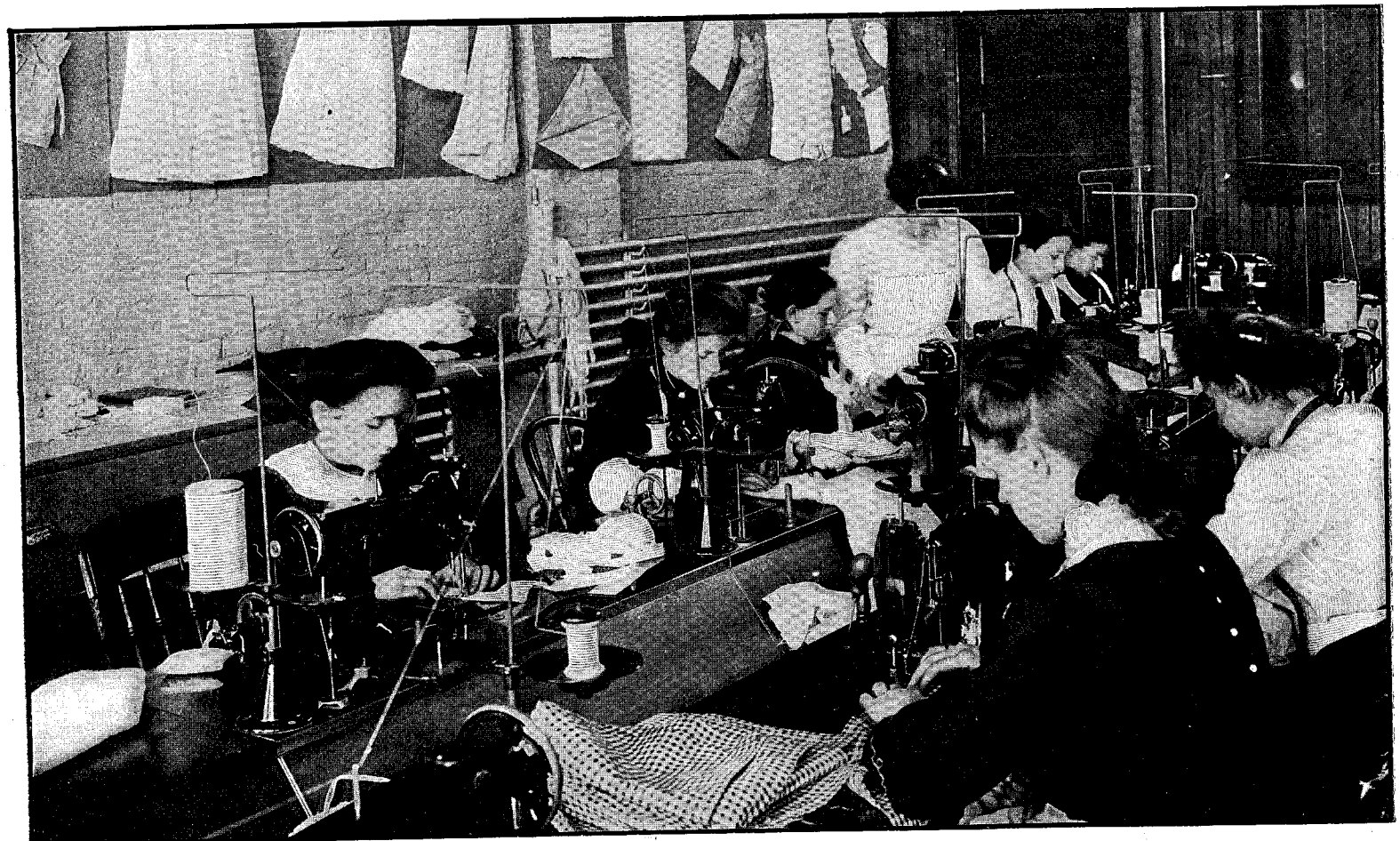

LEARNING TO USE THE SEWING-MACHINE

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their work, inspiring and suggestive as she everywhere found it, upon which she was able directly to pattern her own trade school. A plan of work practicable, not in Belgium, Paris, Switzerland, nor Italy, nor even in America as a whole, but in New York City, with the working-girls of which she was concerned, had to be made. And it was made.

The trades selected in which instruction would be given were several which, in New York City, employ large numbers of women, paying to expert workers good wages. These trades center around the skilled use of certain tools, training in the proper handling of which had hitherto been impossible to obtain excepting by an actual apprenticeship, at once ill paid and, because of the nature of several of the tools, dangerous for the untaught worker. The tools are the foot-power and the electric-power sewing-machines used in the numerous "ready-made clothing" trades and in upholstery; the "special machines," such as the buttonhole, the hemstitching, and the embroidery; the needle, used in the trades that have to do with the making of fine garments and hats and the almost countless accessories of costume, commercially if not otherwise important; and the glue-pot, employed in trades which deal with sample-mounting, label-pasting, and the supplying of what we see heaped on the counters of so many New York shops, notably during the weeks just before Christmas, but not inconspicuously at any other season, and marked "Novelties." In the workrooms of the trades connected with these tools in New York favorable conditions prevail. Also, there are opportunities for advancement in work, and correspondingly in pay.

After three years of experience, the directors of the school feel that the choice of the trades to be taught was a wise one. So far as results can be reckoned, these results would seem to be even better than the most sanguine among the founders of the school had hoped.

During the school's first year, 244 girls were enrolled. At the end of the year, 43 of these had completed their respective courses and had obtained satisfactory employment: 6 in dressmaking, 6 in millinery, 10 in pasting, 3 in embroidery, 12 in machine operating, and 3 in art. At the beginning of the second year, 113 of these former pupils returned to the school; 195 new students came too, making a total of 308. Of these girls, 91 became qualified for trades before the end of the year, and were placed: 46 in hand-sewing, 17 in millinery, 14 in pasting, and 14 in machine operating. In order to form some approximately accurate idea as to the advance in the wages of these trained beginners in trade over untrained apprentices entering the world of industry at the same time, the Committee on Placement of the Manhattan Trade School for Girls, at the end of the second year, sent postal cards to the girls who had gone from the school into the trades taught in the school. From the replies received, the Committee made the following report, including in it not only girls who had been good students, but also those the quality of whose school work had been poor or indifferent:

Average weekly wage received by 108 now at work	$4.74
Operating department (25 girls)	5.14
Pasting department (20 girls)	4.92
Dressmaking department (42 girls)	4.68
Millinery department (21 girls)	4.19

These wages are the wages of trained workers, but of workers who are also beginners. Untrained beginners are sometimes, in these trades, obliged to work unpaid until they learn; and learning in this way, they learn slowly. A circular prepared by a committee of the Wage-Earners' Auxiliaries, appealing to their members, themselves girls at work in trade, in behalf of the Manhattan Trade School, contained this significant sentence: "With the thorough training received at this Trade School, young girls will learn to do well in one year what it took us three or four years to learn." In some places, during this period of apprenticeship, a wage is indeed given to untrained workers; but it is small, varying from a minimum of 50 cents to a maximum of $3 a week. After only two years the Trade School raised the wages of at least 108 be-

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ginners in trade in New York City, using the only means by which the wages of any people in any trade in any city will ever naturally and safely be raised, namely, by raising the wage-earner, either actual or prospective.

This, in a fourfold sense, was the aim of the founders of the Manhattan Trade School. There are, and from the beginning there have been, in the curriculum of the school four closely allied and yet distinctly separate departments. Of these, the department which teaches the handling of the several trade tools—the needle, the machines, and the glue-pot—is one. The others are, respectively, the academic, the art, and what may be called the hygienic department. Each student, in whatever subdivision of the first-named department she may be, is required in addition to be in all three of the other departments.

No girl under fourteen or over seventeen years of age is admitted to the Trade School, and each applicant for admission must show a record of her attendance at a graded grammar or high school the number of days prescribed by law in New York—130 days after her thirteenth birthday. Yet the majority of the girls who have come to the Trade School have been found to be deficient in practical mathematics, in available English composition, and in their knowledge of the relations of their various trades to the country, and of the National and State laws affecting the conditions of the workers at these trades. To supply these somewhat appalling deficiencies, the academic department was instituted. In it, during certain hours of every week, each student is taught such arithmetic as she will need when she finds herself in the industrial world; the making out of correct orders, bills, and receipts; and the writing of clear and accurate business letters. Besides this rather elementary work, the students are given talks on civics, on current events of moment, and on the manufacture of the textiles employed by the several trades taught in the school.

The work of the art department also bears directly upon the practical problems of trade. The pupils in its classes are first instructed in the principles of

PHYSICAL CULTURE

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design and color; then they are taught to use those principles in the making of designs and the arrangement of color schemes; and, finally, they are trained to make such designs and arrange such color schemes with speed.

Perhaps no one of the departments in the school is of more or even of as much importance as the hygienic department. The school is free to girls of any race, sect, or color intending to be self-supporting and otherwise fulfilling the few requirements for admission. Not only this, but the school also offers financial aid, varying from money for car-fare in the cases of girls whose parents can still support them, to the equivalent of a weekly wage in the cases of other girls who, without such help, could not afford to attend the school, but would be obliged to enter at once, without training, into their chosen trades.

Almost without exception the girls come from homes that have lacked many things. Chief among these things has been even the most superficial guidance in the direction of physical education. Very nearly the first lesson the first pupils of the Trade School received was a lesson which explained to them that, even more than upon manual dexterity, practical knowledge, and artistic sensibility and capability, success in the world of trade depends upon bodily health and strength, and upon cleanliness and neatness of person. The hygienic department proposed to help them to grow stronger and healthier, and more watchful and thorough in their care of themselves, their habiliments, and their surroundings.

During the first year the standard of health continuously rose, and absences of pupils on account of illness became more infrequent. At the beginning of the second year a difference was noticed in the personal appearance of the students as a whole. They were at once more healthful and more attractive to look upon. The daily gymnastic exercises of the previous year, the advice given the girls by physicians who visited the school for that purpose, and the informal talks concerning the advantages, both to trade workers and to trades, of personal cleanliness, had combined to

ART WORK

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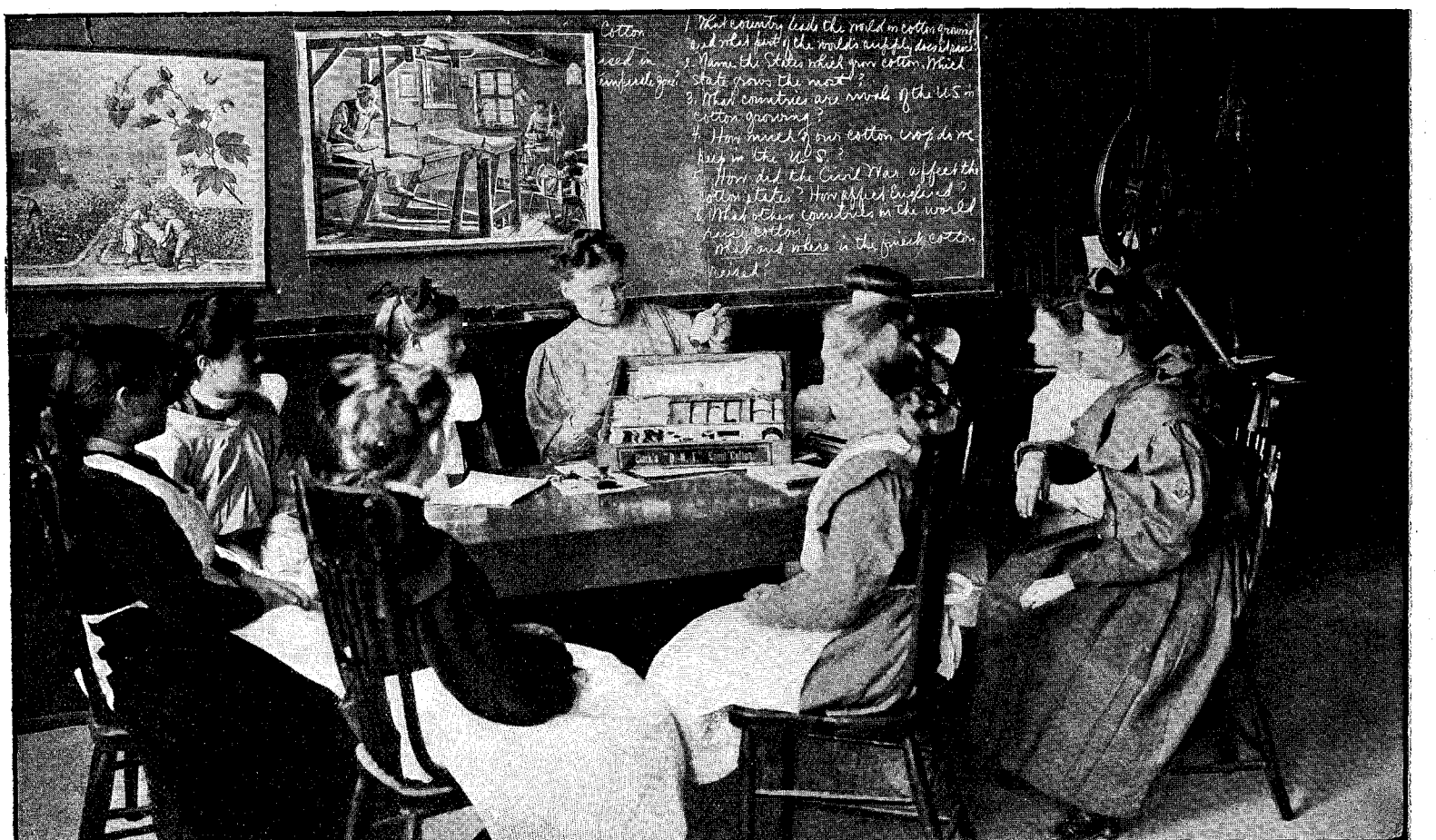
Cotton
need in
1. What country leads the world in cotton growing
2. Name the States which grow cotton. Which
state grows the most?
3. What countries are rivals of the U.S. in
cotton growing?
4. How much of our cotton crop do we
use in the U.S.?
5. How did the Civil War affect the
cotton states? How affect England?
6. What other countries in the world
grow cotton?
7. Which and where is the finest cotton
raised?

A LESSON ON COTTON

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bring about an improvement so great that it could not but be remarked.

The school is open throughout the twelve months of the year. A pupil may enter at any time, provided a vacancy exists, and provided also that the applicant fulfills the conditions of admission. In addition to those already mentioned, these conditions require that each girl desiring to enter the school shall herself apply, bringing a reference from some reliable person, and, if she be under sixteen years of age, be able to furnish the certificate of her birth, in order that she may obtain "working papers" when she shall need them. Each accepted applicant must serve one month's probation. If she shows herself in this time to be fitted for the trade she has selected, she is then admitted to the full privileges of the school. When she has acquired a sufficient amount of skill, she is sent for a month into some business house, to test herself by so much experience of the actual conditions of her projected work in trade. At the end of the month she returns to the school, bringing with her the report of her employer concerning her efficiency, and either continues a pupil in the school or is placed in a permanent position in trade, as the nature of the report may lead her instructors to decide.

Some of the girls finish the selected course in six months; others need a year in which to complete it, and still others two years. The students so differ in character and in ability that it has been found necessary, in order really to minister to their needs, to make the training given by the school largely individual. While no willfully unsatisfactory or indolently backward pupils are permitted to remain in the school for any length of time whatever, girls who desire not only to be improved, but also to improve themselves, are retained until all the needed help possible has been given. At the completion of a certain amount of training successfully undergone, a student is given a certificate, which is to her what a bachelor's degree is to a college girl.

In order to accomplish all this, the Trade School is obliged to have a comparatively large and an exceedingly able faculty and executive staff. The average daily attendance upon the school numbers now 120 pupils. The school building is so small that not more than 150 can attend. The faculty and managing staff consists of 27 persons, each one of whom is absolutely necessary. Were the building larger, twice as many pupils might be admitted without an appreciable increase in expenditure.

The school is entirely dependent for its funds upon voluntary contributions. Excepting for $408.10 gained, when the cost of materials had been deducted, from orders for work taken and filled last year by the various departments, and for $158 obtained during the same year from the renting of the assembly-room to certain societies and clubs, the school has been supported by its friends, by persons who so keenly realize its present and so ardently believe in its future value that their aid is limited only by their resources.

Of all the pecuniary help offered, none has been more happily accepted than that proffered by the Wage-Earners' Auxiliaries of New York City. These associations have sent gifts of the materials needed in the workrooms of the school, they have taken a true interest in the girls sent from the school into their places of employment, and they have visited and inspected the school. Added to all this, they have, out of their own wages, saved during the past year one thousand dollars, which they have presented to the school, to help, as several of them said, "toward the betterment of our young sisters." Had the directors of the school no other incentive to present and future efforts than this, would not this be sufficient?

In some of the private schools in New York what have been entitled School-Girls' Auxiliaries have been organized. The members of these purpose to assist less fortunate girls of approximately their own ages, by contributing to the Manhattan Trade School such sums of money as they can save from their allowances, earn by means of fairs, or obtain by appealing to their friends. Such money will help the girls to whose school it goes. Will it not help in quite as great a degree those other girls from whose

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schools it comes? There can be only one answer to this question.

One evening, after I had perused as many printed reports and circulars of the Manhattan Trade School for Girls as I could find, interviewed a considerable number of well-informed persons concerning it, and made several somewhat protracted visits to each one of its departments, I was talking to one of my friends about it. When I reached this point in my narration, and paused for the extended comment on her part that I fully expected, she merely observed, "This is what you *read* and what you *heard?*"

"Yes," I replied. "What do you think of it?"

"I'll tell you some other time," my friend rejoined. "You go on now and tell me what you *saw*."

"As soon as I have told you one more thing I heard," I returned, "namely, that the school sent an exhibit to the St. Louis Exposition, which, though necessarily very small, was awarded a silver medal because, for a result accomplished in so short a time, it was so very excellent."

My original intention had been to see as much of the school as I should be able to see in one day. The Director, to whom I telephoned this desire, informed me that the school was in session every day in the week excepting Saturday and Sunday, from nine until five o'clock, with an intermission at noon of one hour for luncheon.

"When may I come?" I inquired.

"At any time," was the reply.

I went the next morning, arriving with the students a few moments before nine o'clock, in due season for the opening exercises in the assembly-room on the first floor. These exercises were brief and simple. The Executive Secretary made a short but earnest address to the assembled students, who were younger and smaller than I had expected to find them, and in more instances than otherwise of foreign birth and parentage.

The Secretary's words were significant. Certain cases of heedlessness and idleness had been reported to her the previous evening, and, referring to them, she urged the girls to remember always that in the school, as in the trades

GLUE WORK

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taught by the school, applications for admission exceeded the number of persons who, for lack of room, could be admitted; that in either place the heedless and the idle must give place to the careful and the industrious. At the conclusion of her address the Secretary reminded the girls that, diverse as were the nationalities of their parents, they were all Americans. They sang the National anthem and then dispersed, going at once to the various classrooms and workrooms and beginning the day's work.

After answering the array of questions relative to the school which, following her into her office, I then immediately put to the Secretary, she took me into each of all the different departments and introduced me to all the respective instructors, forewomen, and assistant teachers in charge of them. "Now," she said, as finally, after having taken me to the top floor, she left me at the foot of the basement stairs, "the way is open for you. Go again over the building where you will; ask what you like. Come back to me when you are ready."

I accepted her parting speech quite literally. With a happy sense of broad freedom, I began to look at the school. The millinery department was in the basement. I decided to see that first.

There were not more than twenty girls in the room. They were ranged on opposite sides of a long, narrow table strewn with millinery wire, plain and fancy braids of many kinds, and such fabrics as are used for the linings of hats and the coverings of wire hat frames. The girls were severally occupied with these and no other materials, directed by their teacher.

"I had supposed they learned to make hats," I said to her.

"No," she answered; "they learn to make frames for hats. Beginners in the millinery trade are not required to make hats, but frames."

"Do you teach them to trim hats?" I asked.

"No," the instructor again replied. "We teach them only what they will be called upon to do when they begin in trade millinery shops: to sew on the trimming other persons have pinned in

MAKING STRAW HATS

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place, to make and to cover frames, and to put in linings."

"And do they all learn to do all those things?" I inquired.

"Yes," the teacher said; "and then, if any girl shows a special aptitude for any one of them, she is given advanced instruction in connection with it." She indicated a quiet girl whose deftly moving fingers I had been observing. "That girl," she said, lowering her voice that her pupil might not hear, "makes exceptionally good wire frames, and will, in time, make better ones. She will probably do nothing else when she is in trade, and she will doubtless advance steadily in position and in wages. The frames she already makes command trade prices."

In the assembly-room—which is put to many uses, owing to lack of sufficient space—I found the head of the academic department. "I have a class here now," she said. "Do you care to stay?"

The class had a drill in arithmetic. Next, its members answered questions regarding the manufacture of crimson broadcloth. Then, their teacher suggesting that a discussion of a current event might be begun, an intelligent-eyed Hungarian girl exclaimed: "Let it be the Panama Canal!" So it was.

The pasting department had especially aroused my curiosity; and when the very latest items of printed news relative to the Panama Canal had been eagerly exchanged and discussed, I returned to what is described as the pasting-room. In spite of the fact that, like the dressmaking and machine-operating departments, it was being conducted as an actual workroom in a factory is conducted, by a supervisor who overlooked the pupils and inspected their work, a forewoman who kept these pupils busily employed, and an assistant who cared for their tools and prepared and distributed the needed materials, it called to mind a studio connected with a society of arts and crafts.

The majority of the girls were mounting samples of sprigged muslins, of fancy silks, of upholstery cloths, and of fancy braids. Several were making blank-book covers. One girl was constructing a writing-desk set, covering it with a delicately tinted blue fabric.

"How very pretty!" I involuntarily exclaimed, as she finished the stamp-box and put it carefully aside before beginning the paper-and-envelope holder.

"Isn't it?" the girl agreed. "There was an order for a blue set. I was glad to make it; blue is such a lovely color."

Another girl was rapidly, but very neatly, covering heart-shaped pieces of cardboard with a gay, rose-sprayed silk—the tops of toilet-boxes, the other parts of which other girls were making.

"Isn't it difficult to cover them well?" I hazarded.

"Yes," the worker laconically replied.

"Do you like to do it?" I ventured further.

"Yes," the girl again said, "I do—now that I know how."

One of the students in this department had come to "know how" so well that she was regularly employed in it, with a salary, as assistant instructor. Another had attained to the slightly lesser position of pupil-teacher.

The pasting division is the smallest in the school. The hand-sewing or dressmaking department is the largest. The Secretary told me that the reason for this lay in the circumstance that dressmaking as a good trade for women was a fact better known to most of the applicants for admission to the school than just as desirable facts regarding the other trades taught, particularly pasting.

In the room assigned to the dressmaking department many kinds of sewing were being done. The beginners were learning to make buttonholes, to hem, to bind seams. The advanced students were making some really beautiful garments which had been ordered at trade prices, and for the working upon which the girls were receiving such wages as they would have received in trade.

One of these garments was a figured silk blouse decorated with embroidered velvet bands. There were three colors in the silk; the velvet was of one of these shades, the embroidery of the other two. The effect was so pleasing that I remarked upon it to the girl who was showing me the blouse.

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"The art department designed it," she said, "and made the pattern for the embroidery too. A girl who has learned to embroider nicely did that, and we made up the waist in here."

In the foot-machine operating-room the girls were making aprons, learning to sew the portions of the garments accurately together without first basting them. In the electric-machine operating-room they were diversely busy. The beginners were acquiring control of the machines; pupils of a little longer standing were practicing in order to gain a combination of exactness and speed; and the advanced students were making clothing of many descriptions, from children's pinafores to men's shirts.

Long before I had seen so much the noon hour had come and gone, and I had varied my visits to the workrooms by attendance at a half-hour's lecture upon the proper ventilation of rooms at night and in the daytime, given by the teacher of hygiene. Before the end of the day I saw a group of girls go through their prescribed gymnastic exercises, led by the same instructor.

At five o'clock I watched the girls while they put on their wraps preparatory to going home.

"They seem happy," I said to the Secretary, to whom finally I had returned; "they must like their work."

"On the whole, I think they do," she replied, "and that because, as the girl in the pasting-room told you, they are beginning to know how to do it."

The art teacher had been absent, so I went again on another day to talk with her and to see her department. She showed me examples of the work her pupils had done—decorative designs that had been used in the pasting-room on writing-desk sets and blank-book covers, in the machine-operating rooms on braided and machine-embroidered garments, in the dressmaking department in hand-embroidery. She allowed me to examine, too, the sketches for costumes made by her department, and also the purely technical drawings. "What I try to do," she explained, "is to teach them art that they can use in trade, and so to develop their artistic sense that they will *desire* to use it."

During the noon hour, on still another day, I sat with the Director watching the girls dance, in the assembly-room, to the music of one of their number. They had had their luncheon in the millinery-room, which every noon—again for lack of space—must be converted into a lunch-room. (Milk, hot soup, and cocoa may there be obtained for a small sum by any girl.) They had washed the dishes and put them away and tidied this improvised lunch-room, and now they might dance.

"Isn't this an important hour of the day?" I inquired of the Director.

"It is the most important," she responded, "because it brings the girls into closer comradeship. They work together all day. In this hour they rest and play together. It will help to keep them together in sympathy and understanding when they are out in the world."

At the door, as I was saying good-by to her and to the Secretary a little later, I added: "I wish more girls might be trained here."

"More may be, more shall be, when we are able to have a larger building," was the reply.

The present building is the property of the school. Remembering this, I altered the form of my parting wish: "Then I hope," I said, "that you will some day own a building ten times the size of this one."

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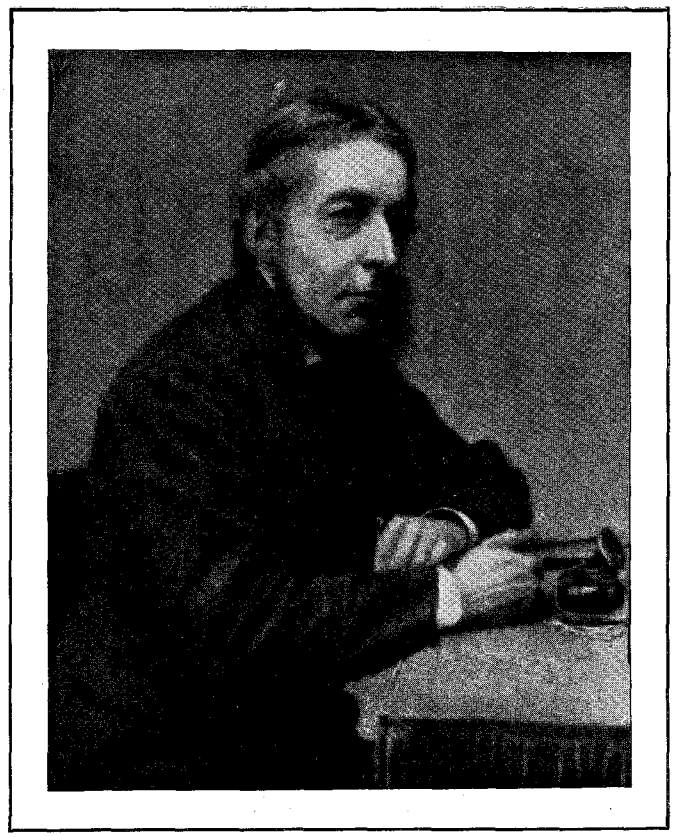

J. HENRY SHORTHOUSE

THE MARQUIS JEANNE HYACINTH DE ST. PALAYE[1]

BY J. HENRY SHORTHOUSE

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY HAMILTON W. MABIE

THE Outlook has asked me to select for publication in the Magazine Numbers which will appear during the year 1907 twelve short stories of permanent interest by reason of their literary quality, their dramatic force, their sincere reproduction of human experience; stories, in a word, which must be counted among the lasting achievements of fiction. I have selected as the first tale in this group a story not generally known, although by the author of a novel which has had a very wide reading and which is likely to remain, at least for a small group of readers, one of the permanent possessions of English fiction.

Born in a Quaker household, J. Henry Shorthouse became a devout member

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of the Church of England and found a deep well of joy in her sacraments and services; in all his mature life an active man of affairs, he developed a love of beauty, not only in form and speech, but in spirit and manner of life, which animated his personality with rare dignity and gave his religion sweetness, ripeness, spiritual culture. A Quietist by inheritance, he became a sacramentarian by conviction; a man of business by occupation, he became an artist by avocation. It is impossible to separate these elements in his work; and the charm of that work, impersonal as it was in form, lies in its intimate disclosure of personality. It is not great in the sense of dealing in a powerful way with matters of the highest moment; it is not original in the sense of being a novel handling of materials; but it is individual and distinctive in very beautiful and subtle ways, and in nothing is it more distinctive than in its saturation of religion with beauty, and of beauty with religion. "My imagination follows humanity through all the paths by which it has reached the present moment," he wrote, "and the more memorials I can gather of its devious footsteps, the more enlarged my view becomes of what its trials, its struggles, and its virtues were. All things that ever delighted it were in themselves the good blessings of God—the painter's and the player's art, action, apparel, agility, music—without these life would be a desert; and, as it seems to me, these things soften manners so as to allow Religion to be heard." His most widely read story, "John Inglesant," is a study of religious types and of manners at once subtle and full of artistic feeling. In this rare work, as in all the shorter stories, one feels that, as Dean Church says of Spenser, "face to face with the epicurean idea of beauty and pleasure is the counter-charm of purity, truth, and duty." Of the story which The Outlook reprints he said that it "illustrates the culture which comes from rank." It is not too much to say that no record of the soul of the old social order—honor, courtesy, courage, gallantry—has ever been more sensitively interpreted. The story expresses not only the spirit but the form and manner of a past age; it is stamped with distinction of phrase and diction; it has the stately grace and refinement of a minuet danced on the open sward, surrounded by formal gardens, set with statues, and environed with gracious spaces of ancient quietness.

H. W. M.

CHAPTER I.

IN one of the mountainous districts of the south of France, which in the last century were covered with forests, the highway ran up through the rocky valley by the side of a roaring torrent. On the right hand and on the left the massive foliage descended to the banks, and filled up the small and intervening ravines with a bosky shade. Here and there a lofty crag broke out from the sea of green leaves, and now and then the pointed roofs of a château or the spire of a village church witnessed to the existence of man, and gave an interest and a charm to the beautiful scene.

It was a day in the late autumn of the year 1760. The departing smile of nature, which in another hour would be lost in death, was upon every tree and leaf. The loveliest tints and shades, so delicate that at the moment of their perfection they trembled into nothingness, rested upon the woodlands on every side. A soft wind whispered through the rustling leaves laden with mellow odors and with the pleasing sadness that comes with the falling leaf. The latest flowers of the year with unconscious resignation wasted, as it might seem, tints which would not have disgraced the warmest hues of summer upon heaps of withered leaves, and dry moss, and rotting wood. The loveliest hour of the year was the last.

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The highway crossed an ancient bridge of great height with a cunningly pointed arch. Just beyond the bridge a smaller path turned up on the left hand as you ascended the valley. It wound its way up the wooded valleys as though with no definite end, yet it was smooth and well kept, more so indeed than the highway itself, and doubtless led to some château, by the orders of whose lord the peasantry kept the road in good repair. Let us follow this road on an evening at the end of October in the year we have already mentioned, for we shall meet with a pretty sight.

Some distance up the road on the left was a small cottage, built to mark and protect the path to a natural terrace formed, as far as art had had a hand in the proceeding, by some former lord of the domain to command a view of the neighboring mountains and country. Several of these terraces existed in the wood. At the point where the path entered the private road to the château the wood receded on every side, and left a wide glade or savannah across which the sunshine lay in broad and flickering rays. Down this path there came a boy and girl, for they were little more, though their dress and the rank of life they held gave an appearance of maturity greater than their years. The lady was of supreme beauty even for a heroine of romance, and was dressed with a magnificence which at any other period of the world would have been fantastic in a wood. She was clinging to the arm of a handsome boy of some two-and-twenty years of age, whose dress by his scarf and some other slight peculiarities marked the officer of those days. His face was very handsome, and the expression on the whole was good, but there was something about the eyes and the curve of the lips which spoke of violent passions as yet unsubdued.

The girl came down the path clinging to his arm, her lovely face upraised to him, and the dark and reckless expression of his face was soothed and chastened into a look of intense fondness as he looked down upon it. Rarely could a lovely autumn afternoon receive its finishing touch from the passing of so lovely a pair.

The valley was perfectly solitary: not a single sound was heard, nor living creature seemed astir. It was as if nature understood, and held her breath to further the purposes of their lonely walk. Only for a moment, however. At the instant they left the path and entered upon the grassy verge that bordered the way to the château, they both started, and the girl gazed before her with an expression of wild alarm, while the young man's face grew darker, and a fierce and cruel look came into his eyes. But what they saw would seem at first sight to give little cause for such emotion. A few yards before them, walking leisurely across the grass from the direction of the road, appeared a gentleman of some twenty-eight or thirty years of age, of whom at first sight there could be no question that he was one of the most distinguished and handsomest men of his day. He was carefully dressed in a style which only men of exceptional figure can wear without extravagance, but which in their case seems only fitting and right. He wore a small walking sword, so hung as not to interfere in the least with the contour of his form, with which his dress also evidently harmonized. His features were faultlessly cut, and the expression, though weary and perhaps almost insolent, bore slight marks of dissipation, and the glance of his eyes was serene and even kindly. He saw the pair before him and instantly stopped. It is probable that the incident was equally embarrassing on both sides, but the visible effect was very different. The two young people stood utterly silent and aghast. The lady was evidently frightened and distressed, while her companion seemed prepared to strike the intruder to the earth. On the other hand, the Marquis, for such was his rank, showed no signs of embarrassment.

"Pardon, Mademoiselle," he said; "I perceive that I have committed a *gaucherie*. Growing tired of the hunt, I returned to the château, and hearing from the servants that Mademoiselle had gone down into the forest to visit her old nurse at the cottage by the terrace, I thought how pleasant it would be to go to meet her and accompany her home. I had even presumed to think," he continued,

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smiling, and as he spoke he turned to the young man with a gesture of perfect courtesy—"I even presumed to think that my presence might be some small protection to the Mademoiselle in the wilds of the forest. I was unaware, of course, that she was guarded with such loyal and efficient care." He paused for a moment, and then continued with greater dignity and kindliness of expression, "I need not add, Mademoiselle, as a gentleman whose name hitherto, I believe, has been free from taint, I need not add that Mademoiselle need fear no embarrassment in the future from this chance encounter."

It was perhaps strange, but it seemed that the politeness and even friendliness of the Marquis, so far from soothing, irritated the young man. He remained silent, but kept his black and angry glance fixed upon the other.

But the girl seemed differently affected. She hesitated for a moment, and then took a step forward, speaking with her clasped hands before her, with a winning and beseeching gesture.

"You see before you, Monsieur le Marquis," she said, "two as miserable young creatures as, I hope, exist upon the earth. Let me present to you Monsieur le Chevalier de Grissolles, of the regiment of Flanders."

The gentlemen bowed.

"—Who has known me all my life," continued the girl, speaking rapidly; "who has loved me—whom I love. We meet to-day for the last time. We should not have told you—I should not have mentioned this to you—because I know—we know—that it is useless to contend against what is fixed for us—what is decreed. We meet to-day for the last time; the fleeting moments are running past—ah! how quickly—in another moment they will be gone . . ."

Here the emotion that overpowered her choked her utterance. She stopped, and, to prevent herself from falling, she clung to the Chevalier's arm.

The Marquis looked at her in silence, and his face became perfectly beautiful with its expression of pity. A marble statue, indeed, might almost have been expected to show emotion at the sight of such beauty in such distress. There was a pause. Then the Marquis spoke. "I am most honored," he said, "to be permitted to make the acquaintance of Monsieur le Chevalier, whose name, if I mistake not, is already, though that of so young an officer, mentioned with distinction in the despatches of Monsieur de Broglie. For what you have said to me, Mademoiselle—and what you have condescended to confide to me has torn my spirit—I fear I can offer you but little consolation. Your good sense has already assured you that these things are settled for us. They are inevitable. And in the present case there are circumstances which make it absolutely essential to the interests of Monsieur le Comte, your father, that these espousals, at any rate, should take place at once. Even were I"—here he turned to the Chevalier with a smile—"even were I to pick a quarrel with your friend, and, a few seconds sooner than in the natural course of events it probably would, allow his sword to pass through my heart, I fear the result would be simply to substitute another in my place, another who, I, with perhaps a natural vanity, may fancy, would not place matters in a happier light. But let us not look at things too gloomily. You say that this is your last hour of happiness; that is not necessary. It is true that the espousals must take place at once. The interests of your father require this. But there is no need that Mademoiselle's feelings should not be consulted with regard to the final consummation of the nuptials. These need not be hurried. Monsieur le Chevalier may have other opportunities of making his adieux. And I hope that my influence, which, in after years, may be greater than it is at present, will enable me to further any views he may have with regard to higher commands in the service of his Majesty."

The words were those of ordinary compliment, yet the manner of the Marquis was so winning that had it been possible it would have affected even the Chevalier himself; but if a highwayman is threatening your life, it is not much consolation that he offers to return you a franc piece.

The Chevalier remained cold and gloomy.

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The Marquis looked at him for a moment; then he continued, addressing himself to the girl—

"But I am intruding myself on Mademoiselle. I will continue my walk to the terrace—the afternoon is delightfully fine. As you are aware, Monsieur le Comte is hunting in the valleys to the west. All the *piqueurs* are withdrawn to that side of the forest. I should hope that Mademoiselle will not again be interrupted in her walk."

Then without another word he courteously saluted the young people, and continued his walk up the path. He never turned his head, indeed he would have allowed himself to be broken on the wheel rather than have done anything of the kind, but the others were not so reticent; several times they stopped and looked back at the Marquis as he paused every now and then as if to admire the beauties of the scene. At last he reached the corner of the cottage and disappeared from their view.

The beauties of the scene, however, did not entirely occupy the mind of the Marquis. At the most enchanting point, where opening valley and stream and mountain and distant tower burst upon his view, he paused, and murmured to himself, "Some men, now, might have made mischief out of this. Let us wait and see."

CHAPTER II.

The Château de Frontênac was built upon a natural terrace half-way up the slope of the forest, with the craggy ravines clothed with foliage surrounding it on every side. It consisted of two courts, the oldest of which had been built in the earliest days of French domestic architecture, when the detached buildings of the mediæval castle were first brought together into a compact block. In accordance with the singular notion of those days that the south and west were unhealthy aspects, the principal rooms of this portion of the château faced the north and east. They consisted of vast halls and saloons succeeding each other with apparently purposeless extension, and above them a suite of bedchambers of solemn and funereal aspect. These saloons and bedchambers had been left unaltered for centuries, and the furniture must have been antique in the reign of Henri Quatre. The other court had been built much more recently, and, in accordance with more modern notions, the chief apartments faced the south and west. From its windows terraced gardens descended into the ravine and spread themselves along the side of the hill. The architecture had probably, when first the court had been added to the château, contrasted unpleasantly with the somber pile beyond; but the lapse of centuries, with their softening hand, had blended the whole into a unity of form and color, and adventurous plants creeping silently over the carved stone work of the straggling fronts wrought a soft veil of nature's handiwork over the artificial efforts of man.

The saloons in this part of the château were furnished more or less in the modern taste with cabinets of ebony and ivory of the days of Louis Quatorze, and buhl work of the eighteenth century; but as the modern articles were added sparingly, the effect on the whole was quiet and pleasing. The De Frontênacs, while enjoying the more convenient portion of their abode, prided themselves upon the antique apartments, and kept them in scrupulous repair. In these vast and mysterious halls all the solemn meetings and ceremonies of the family had place. Here, when death had touched his own, the De Frontênacs lay in state; here the infant heir was baptized; here the important compacts of marriage were signed; here the feast of *Noël* was held. It is true that for the last century or so these ideas had been growing weaker, and the usages of modern life and the fascinations of the capital had broken in upon these ancient habits and weakened the attachments and associations from which they sprang; but the De Frontênacs were a fierce and haughty race, and never entirely lost the characteristics of their forefathers. Now and again, at some distaste of court life, or some fancied slight on the part of the monarch, they would retire to their forest home, and resume for a time at least the life and habits of a nobler and a prouder day.

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In the largest of these old saloons, the day after the meeting in the forest, the whole household of the château was assembled. At a long table were seated several gentlemen well known in Paris as among the highest of the *noblesse de la robe*, and rolls of parchment and masses of writing, with great seals hanging from their corners, covered the table. The walls of the saloon were hung with portraits of several epochs of art, including the works of artists then alive; for it was a peculiarity of the De Frontênacs that, venerating, as they did, the antique portion of their château, they invariably hung the portraits of the family as they were painted in these old and faded rooms, reserving for the modern apartments the landscapes and fancy pictures which from time to time they purchased.

When the moment had arrived at which the contracts were to be signed, there was a movement in the room, and Mademoiselle de Frontênac, accompanied by her mother, entered and advanced towards the table. She was perfectly collected, and bowed to the Marquis with an unembarrassed grace. No one ignorant of the circumstances of the case would have supposed that anything approaching to a tragedy was being enacted in that room.

The Marquis signed more than one document, and as he stepped back from the table he ran his eyes carelessly over the room, with which he was unacquainted. Fronting him, above a massive sideboard with the full light of the opposite window upon it, was the portrait of a young man in the cuirass of an officer of cavalry of a previous century, whose eyes were fixed upon the Marquis with a stern and threatening glance. It seemed that, stepping from the canvas, there confronted him, as a few hours before he had met him in the forest, the Chevalier de Grissolles, whom he had found with Mademoiselle de Frontênac.

Nothing probably could have made the Marquis start, but he gazed upon the portrait with interest not unmixed with surprise, and as soon as Mademoiselle had retired, which she did when her signatures had been obtained, he turned to the Count with a courteous gesture.

"These apartments, Monsieur le Comte," he said, "are certainly as fine as anything of the kind in Europe. I have seldom, indeed, seen anything that can be compared to them. And doubtless the portraits upon the walls are of exceptional interest. By your leave, I will glance round them;" and, accompanied by the Count, he passed through several of the rooms, listening attentively to the descriptions and anecdotes which the different portraits required and suggested. There was somewhat of sameness perhaps in the story, for the French nobility had little scope of action other than the battlefield, and the collection lacked the pleasing variety of an English portrait gallery, where the variety of costumes, here a soldier, there a divine, now a lawyer or judge, and then a courtier, charms the eye and excites the fancy. The Marquis came back perhaps all the sooner to the great saloon.

The saloon was empty, and the lawyers and rolls of parchment were gone. The Marquis went straight to the portrait which had attracted his attention, and stood facing it without saying a word: the Count, after glancing carelessly round the room, followed his guest's example.

The vast hall was perfectly empty. The tables had been pushed aside into the windows, and the superb figure of the Marquis, standing upon the polished floor, would have been of itself sufficient to furnish the scene, but in proportion as the interest which the portrait had excited was manifested in the attitude of the Marquis, so much the more the figure on the wall seemed to gather life and intensity, and to answer look for look with its living opposite.

"That painting," said the Count, after a moment's pause, "is the portrait of a cadet of my family, or rather, I should say, of a female branch of it, a Chevalier de Grissolles. He was a youth of great promise, a favorite and aide-de-camp of the great Prince de Condé; and he fell at Jarnac by his master's side. Enough of him," and the Count's manner changed as he glanced round the chamber and advanced confidentially to the side of the Marquis. "Enough of him; but I am not sorry your attention has been directed towards his portrait,

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because it enables me to introduce, with somewhat less embarrassment, a subject to which I have hitherto shrunk from alluding. I am sorry to say, Monsieur le Marquis," continued the Count, with an uneasy smile, "that the chevalier whose portrait you see before you was not the last of his race. There have been others who have borne the name, and there is one now. He is a lad in the regiment of Flanders, and was brought up in my family. Unfortunately, he was allowed to attend Mademoiselle de Frontênac in her recreations, and a boy and girl attachment was formed between them, from which harmless child's play no one foreboded any evil. The young fool is constantly breaking away from his regiment, in which he is a great favorite, and is hanging about my daughter; and from what Madame la Comtesse tells me —I—I hardly like to say it, it is so absurd!—she is positively attached to him, seriously and devotedly attached. Positively I cannot sleep sometimes; this stupid affair had given me so much annoyance."

It did not increase the good humor of the Count, who was already in a sufficiently bad temper, to notice, as he could not help doing, that the Marquis did not seem in the least surprised at the information he had received, and, what was still more irritating, that he seemed to regard it with perfect indifference. He appeared, in fact, to be much more interested in studying the portrait before him, probably admiring it as a work of art.

"My dear Monsieur le Comte," he said at length, "I am really sorry that you should allow yourself to be so much annoyed over what seems to me to be a mere trifle. This marriage contract, so honorable to me, is now signed; at the present moment *messieurs de la robe* are engaged, I doubt not, in arranging those pecuniary matters which you explained to me were of so much importance: why, then, should we trouble ourselves? As to this little *pastorale* which it seems is being enacted as a sort of interlude to the more serious business of the stage, it is what I imagine invariably takes place. What would become of the poets and romancists, otherwise? We must think of our own youth, Comte, and not be too hard upon the young people. Positively I feel quite old when I think of those delightful days—that springtime of existence, those first loves," and the Marquis closed his eyes and sighed deeply, apparently from his heart.

The Count took a turn or two in the saloon, but it did not seem to soothe his temper.

"This is all very well, Monsieur le Marquis," he said, sharply, "and very witty; in delicate badinage we all know no one can equal Monsieur de St. Palaye, but I assure you, this is no laughing matter. This affair has grown beyond a joke. When my daughter has the honor—an honor I am well aware far higher than any she had a right to expect—of signing herself Madeleine, Marquise de St. Palaye, it will not be my place, of course, to say a word. Then her honor will be in her husband's keeping—her honor and his. But while she remains in my house she is my daughter, and in my care, and I tell you plainly that this matter is past a joke."

A fleeting expression of extreme *ennui* passed over the Marquis's face, and he evidently suppressed an inclination to yawn. Then, with more *bonhomie* than he had previously shown, he put his hand on his companion's arm.

"Well, my dear Comte," he said, smilingly, "I will do anything you wish—anything, that is, short of unpleasantly hurrying the nuptials—that I cannot do. It would be—in fact, it would be such wretched taste—tears!—a scene—a—an *esclandre* in general, my *dear* Count!"

Then, linking his arm in that of the Count, he led him, still sulky and grumbling, out of the saloon, and into the modern court of the château; and the long lines of ancestors on the walls followed them as they passed, with angry and vindictive looks, as though enraged that they could not descend from their places and join again in the turmoil of life.

CHAPTER III.

The second morning after the contract had been signed, the Marquis was seated in his dressing-room, about an hour before *déjeuner*, reading, apparently with

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great entertainment, though not for the first time, "Le Taureau Blanc" of Monsieur de Voltaire. While he was thus agreeably occupied the door was violently thrown open, and the Count, heated and excited, burst into the room.

"Marquis," he said, utterly regardless of any who might hear, "let me beg of you to get to horse at once and come with me. I have positive information that my daughter is at this moment giving an interview to that young scoundrel on one of the terraces in the wood. While we speak they may be planning an elopement—nay, even carrying it into effect. Let me beg of you to come at once!"

The Marquis laid down his book, crossed one knee over the other, and, leaning back on his chair, looked the Count in the face steadily for a second or two, as who would say, "This man will be too much for me; I shall have to press forward the nuptials, I see, in self-defense." Then he sighed deeply and rose from his seat.

"Very well, my dear Count," he said, "I will be as quick as possible. Pierre, see that they bring some horses round; come into my closet yourself, and send Charles and Alphonso and all the men here at once. I will make haste, my dear Count, indeed I will."

Whether the Marquis did make haste as he said, or whether the number of valets impeded each other, it is certain that it was a long time before he descended to the court of the château, where he found the Count pacing up and down, fuming and cursing his delay. They got to horse as soon as possible, and rode down the forest road, but the Marquis reined his horse in so often, and made such inappropriate remarks upon the beauty of the morning and of the view, that the Count could bear it no longer.

"Monsieur le Marquis," he said, "I am sorry I have disturbed you so much; I am very anxious to press forward, but I will not hurry you; I will ride forward at once."

"Pray do not delay a moment on my account," said the other; "I shall rejoin you anon."

The Count put spurs to his horse, and, followed by his servants, was lost to sight behind the windings of the path.

The moment he disappeared the Marquis drew his rein, and, turning to his valet, said, in a tone perfectly different from that which he had hitherto used:

"On the north terrace, do you say?"

"Yes, Monsieur le Marquis," replied the man, with a smile; "on the north terrace to the left; not on the old terrace, as the Count is wrongly advised. They have been there a long time; I should think they must be about parting."

The Marquis turned his horse, and, followed by his men, retraced his steps until they reached a scarcely perceptible path which, now on their right hand, found its way down into the road. Here he dismounted, and, taking his riding-whip with him in place of a cane, began leisurely to ascend the path. When he had gone a yard or two, however, he turned to the valet and said:

"Wait here with the horses, and should Monsieur le Comte return, say to him that I have taken the opportunity of the fine morning to enjoy one of the numerous views on his delightful estate. Say that to him, neither more nor less."

When the Marquis reached the head of the path, he found himself at the end of a long and grassy terrace, from which the path was screened by thick bushes. Standing for a moment, so concealed, he became conscious of the presence of the two young lovers whom he had met some few days ago in the forest. Again he could see the face of the young girl, and again he was moved by the sight. He waited till they had reached the other end of the terrace, and then came forward, so as not to startle them by his sudden appearance. They met half-way.

"I am sorry once again," said the Marquis, speaking simply and without affectation, "to intercept Mademoiselle, especially as this time I have no excuse, but have acted with prepense. Monsieur le Comte, your father, is ridden out in hot haste and temper upon some mischievous information he has received concerning Mademoiselle and Monsieur le Chevalier. I did what I could to delay him, and finally left him, having better information, it appears, than he had.

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But he will be here anon. I was compelled to leave my horses in the road below, and when he returns from his fruitless quest he will doubtless follow me here. Monsieur le Chevalier will doubtless see the propriety of avoiding an unpleasant meeting."

"I have to thank you, Monsieur le Marquis," said the young man, whose manner seemed compounded of an intense dislike and a sense that politeness was due to one who under similar circumstances had behaved in a more friendly manner than could have been looked for; "I have to thank you for previous courtesy, and for, I have no doubt, much consideration to-day. I will not linger any more."

He took the girl in his arms and imprinted a kiss upon her lips, which, under the circumstances, was perhaps scarcely courteous; then, gloomily bowing to the Marquis, he plunged into the thickest of the wood and disappeared.

The Marquis took no notice of the warmth of his leave-taking, but, having his riding-whip and hat in one hand, he offered the other arm to the girl, saying:

"If Mademoiselle will honor me by taking a turn upon the terrace before her father's arrival, I shall esteem it a favor, as it will give me the opportunity of saying a single word."

The girl took his arm willingly, and as she did so she said, with a winning and confiding gesture:

"Monsieur le Marquis, I think you are the best and kindest of men."

"I wish to put before Mademoiselle," said the Marquis, speaking gently, but very gravely, "one or two considerations; and I could wish that it were possible for her to regard it as the advice of an absolutely impartial friend. The first is one of which I hesitate to speak, because it seems to cast a slur, in some manner, upon the character of Monsieur le Chevalier. But man is very weak, especially when exposed to such temptation as, fortunately for him, rarely in this world crosses his path. These shady groves and grassy banks are the places where the deceitful god delights to work his mischief—a mischief which is never repaired. I know, of course, that there are many who speak of these things lightly, and who even view these flowery but dangerous paths with approbation; but I cannot think that Mademoiselle would tread them without violating the *bienséance* which alone makes life tolerable, or tainting the purity of those lustrous ranks of which she will be the brightest star. I pass at once to another thought which it is not impossible Monsieur le Chevalier has already suggested." He paused, as the tremor of the girl's hand upon his arm showed that he was not speaking in vain. "I mean," he continued, "the project of seeking in another land that happiness which I fear appears to Mademoiselle to be denied her in this. Could I see any permanent prospect of happiness in such a course I would not shrink, quixotic as it might seem, from advising you to adopt it. But there appear to me insuperable objections to such a course. I do not see how it is possible for Mademoiselle so to elude the affectionate solicitude of her family as to obtain more than a couple of hours' start. Couriers on swift horses would be sent to the *Intendants* of the provinces, to the postmasters on the great roads, and to the officers on the frontiers. After experiencing toil and hardships which it is pitiful to think of, Mademoiselle would probably be overtaken before she reached the frontier. But supposing that such was not the case; supposing that she succeeded, by the skill of Monsieur le Chevalier and the swiftness of his horses, in reaching a foreign land, the Chevalier is a sworn servant of the King of France. He would be arrested in any court and city of Europe; he would be brought back to France, and the Bastille, or some inferior prison, would be his home for life. When I add to this the hardships of life in a foreign land, of the rupture of family ties, of hatred and animosity where there should be nothing but serenity, of the failure of family schemes and hopes, and of the tie which binds persons of our rank all over the world to discountenance actions which are regarded as subversive of family order, and even life—I cannot, I say, when I think of such certain hardship, of such possible disgrace and misery—I cannot advise Mademoiselle to adopt such a course. The certainty that

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she would soon be separated from her friend seems to me to decide the matter."

The Marquis paused; but as the girl made no reply, he continued:

"For myself, I say nothing; it is my misfortune that I have been introduced to Mademoiselle under circumstances which render it impossible that I should make that impression which it would have been the ambition of my life to achieve; but this, perhaps, I may say, that should Mademoiselle decide to let matters take their course, and, as far as circumstances will permit, to repose in me her confidence, it would indeed seem a fatality no less strange than sad should she prove the first who, in the long course of centuries, had reason to regret that they placed confidence in the word of a St. Palaye."

It seemed that something in the words of the Marquis, strange as they may appear to some people, or something in his manner as he spoke them, did not affect the girl unpleasantly, for she was in the act of saying, what indeed she had said before, but now with one slight but important modification—

"Marquis, you are the best and kindest of men"—when her father, heated with riding and with anger, burst through the trees at the end of the terrace, and, overlooking in his fury what was before his eyes, exclaimed:

"Well, Marquis, I told you how it would be: I cannot find them! This wretched girl—" he stopped suddenly, open-mouthed, as straight before him, apparently on the most friendly terms, the girl hanging confidingly upon her companion's arm, stood the Marquis, and she of whom he was in such desperate chase. It was impossible for either to conceal a smile.

"My dear Comte," said the Marquis, "I am sorry you have had so much unnecessary trouble. The truth is that after you left me it occurred to me that, in the little domestic scene you were anticipating, I should play an insignificant, not to say a somewhat ridiculous, figure. Warm as is the interest which I must naturally feel in everything that concerns Mademoiselle, I think that these family matters are always best managed by the family itself. I therefore turned aside to enjoy perhaps the most beautiful of the many beautiful views to be found on this estate, and to my delight I found Mademoiselle engaged in a precisely similar occupation. It augurs well, I am sure, for our future happiness that at this early period our tastes are found to be so similar."

The Count saw that he was being laughed at, and indeed it may as well be confessed at once that the Marquis erred in the manner in which he treated the Count. This, however, should be remembered in extenuation, that nothing could be more intolerable to him than the part of jealous husband and lover which the Count appeared determined to force him to play. It was not in human nature but that he should take a little quiet revenge.

"But did you see nothing of the Chevalier?" blundered out the Count.

"Really, my dear Count, I have not had time, had I possessed the power, to challenge my adversary to mortal combat, to run him through the heart, to cut him up into small bits, and to bury him beneath the sod. Besides, you will observe that the grass all around is perfectly undisturbed. I assure you solemnly, Monsieur le Comte," continued the Marquis, apparently with the greatest earnestness, "that the Chevalier does not lie murdered beneath my feet."

The words were spoken in jest, but they were recalled to memory, afterwards, by more than one.

The Count turned sulkily away, and his daughter and the Marquis followed him back to the château.

CHAPTER IV.

A few days after these events the Count removed his family to Paris, traveling in several large carriages, and accompanied by numerous servants on horseback. The Marquis accompanied them, and, by what might appear a curious coincidence, on the very morning upon which they set out on their journey the Chevalier received, at the little *Auberge* on the farther side of the forest, where he lodged, an imperative order to join his regiment without delay. Furious at the success of what he conceived to

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be the interference of the Marquis and the Count, he obeyed the order, resolved to return to Paris at the earliest opportunity.

The winter passed in Paris as winters in great cities usually do. The Chevalier stole up from the frontier more than once, and at the court balls, at the theater, and at the private assemblies he succeeded in seeing Mademoiselle de Frontênac more often than he perhaps had expected; but though his opportunities exceeded his hopes, the result was not proportionally favorable. Whether Mademoiselle had succumbed to the paternal influence, or whether the Marquis had succeeded in substituting his own attractions for those of the Chevalier, it was evident that her manner became colder and more reserved at each interview.

The winter at last was over, and one evening in summer, after a royal concert at Versailles, when the king's violins had performed such delicate and yet pathetic music of Monsieur Rousseau's that the court was ravished by it, the Chevalier met his mistress by appointment in one of the pavilions of the orangery. He had secret means of obtaining admission to the precincts of the palaces which were well understood by the courtiers of those days.

Mademoiselle de Frontênac was perfectly pale as she came into the pavilion, and she seemed to walk with difficulty; she stopped immediately when within the door, and spoke at once, as though she were repeating a lesson.

"Do not come any nearer, Monsieur le Chevalier," she said; "I am the wife of another."

He stopped, therefore, where he was, on the other side of the small pavilion, and across the summer evening light that mingled with the shimmer of the candelabras he saw her for the last time.

Neither spoke for a moment or two, and then she said, still as though conning a part—

"I have promised, Monsieur le Chevalier de Grissolles, to be the wife of the Marquis de St. Palaye, and I will keep my word."

"You are not speaking your own words, Madeleine," he said, eagerly; "let your own heart speak!" and coming forward across the pavilion, he was on the point of taking her hand.

Then the door by which she had entered opened again, and the Count de Frontênac, with a quiet and firm step, glided in and stood by his daughter's side.

At this sight, which revealed to him, as it seemed, the faithlessness of his mistress, and the plot which was woven around him on every side, the Chevalier lost his self-control.

"I was aware, Monsieur le Comte," he burst forth, "that in this *pays du diable* the privileges of parents were numerous and inalienable, but till this moment I did not know that eavesdropping was one of them."

The Count made no reply, except by raising his hat; and his daughter, bowing with a mechanical grace that was pitiful to see, said:

"I wish you farewell, Monsieur le Chevalier."

"Madeleine," said the young man, "I wish you farewell forever; and I pray God, with what sincerity will be known when we stand, each of us, before His judgment bar, that you may not bitterly regret your words this night."

Then, perfectly pale, but more composed than before he had spoken, he too raised his hat courteously, and left the room.

That evening there were enacted, within a stone's throw of each other, two very different scenes.

When the Marquis de St. Palaye returned to his hotel, he was told that the family lawyer, Monsieur Cacotte, was waiting to see him, having at the first possible moment brought him some deeds which Monsieur le Marquis was very anxious should be completed.

The Marquis would see him at once, and, after a few minutes' delay, he entered the room in which the lawyer was seated at a table which was covered with parchments. The room was one in which the Marquis usually sat when the festivities of the day, whether at home or abroad, were over; it was richly furnished as a library, and upon the wide hearth there burned a fire of wood, though it was summer. Greeting the

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lawyer with great friendliness of manner, St. Palaye threw himself somewhat wearily into a chair, and gazed at the blazing wood-ashes.

A servant entered the room with wine.

"I am sorry, Monsieur le Marquis," said the lawyer, "to come to you at so unseasonable an hour; but your instructions were so precise that the moment this first will was ready it should be brought to you to sign, that I did not dare to wait till the morrow."

"You did quite right, Monsieur Cacotte," said the Marquis. "No one can tell what may happen before the morrow."

"I have indeed," continued the lawyer, "prepared both wills, so that Monsieur can satisfy himself that they are both exactly alike. The one will be signed immediately after the marriage; the other at once. They both contain the same clauses, and especially the one upon which Monsieur le Marquis so much insisted: 'that the sum of fifty thousand louis d'or, charged upon the unsettled estates in Poitou and Auvergne, should be paid within three months of the death of the testator to Monsieur le Chevalier de Grissolles, for a purpose which he will appreciate and understand.' Those, I think, were the words Monsieur wished to have used."

"They seem quite correct," said the Marquis.

"I am sorry," continued the lawyer, "that this extra expense, which seems to me unnecessary, should be entailed."

"In that," said the Marquis, politely, "you only show, Monsieur Cacotte, that care and interest in the good of the family which you have always manifested, both in the time of my father and of myself. My father, the late Marquis de St. Palaye, always expressed to me the obligation under which he conceived himself to be in this respect, and this obligation is, of course, much increased in my case."

"The obligation, Monsieur le Marquis," said the lawyer, "if such there be, has been too liberally repaid both by your father and yourself."

"To tell the truth, Monsieur Cacotte," said the Marquis, leaning back in his chair, with his feet stretched out towards the fire, and speaking with an appearance of being perfectly at home with his companion, and desirous of confiding in him—"to tell the truth, I am, even in this age of science and encyclopædias, somewhat superstitious, and I have a presentiment—the St. Palayes often had it—that I have not long to live. Do not suppose that I shrink from this prospect, though it is a singular statement for a man to make who is about to marry, and to marry such a bride as mine! Yet I do not mind confiding to you, Monsieur Cacotte, that I am somewaat wearied of life. The world grows very old, and it does not seem to mend."

"Monsieur le Marquis has been too long unmarried," said the lawyer. "I am not surprised that he should be wearied of the enjoyments which he has had the opportunity of tasting to such repletion. He will speak differently when he has a lovely woman by his side, and knows the felicity of wife and child."

"Ah, Monsieur Cacotte!" said the Marquis, smiling, "you speak as they all do of felicity. There is such a thing, believe me, as the intolerable weariness of a too constant felicity. When I hear even of the joy of the future, and of the bliss of heaven, it seems to me sometimes that the most blissful heaven is to cease to exist. Let me sign the deed."

A servant was called in as a witness, and the Marquis signed the first will. Then he said to Monsieur Cacotte:

"The marriage will take place in six weeks in Auvergne; I hope that Monsieur Cacotte will honor the ceremony with his presence. I can assure you from my own experience that you will have nothing to complain of in the hospitality of Monsieur le Comte."

. . . . .

The Chevalier returned to his lodging about the same time that the Marquis entered his hotel. His valet awaited him that he might change his dress as usual before going into the town to spend the remainder of the evening. The man perceived at once that his master was excited and unhappy. He was an Italian by birth, and had accompanied the Chevalier into his campaigns, and in his secret visits to the Château de Frontênac. He saw that the crisis had arrived.

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"Does Monsieur go down into Auvergne this autumn?" he said.

"We go down once more," said the Chevalier, gloomily. He had divested himself of his court dress, and was taking from his valet a suit of dark clothes somewhat resembling a hunting suit. "Yes, we go down once more: this cursed marriage will take place a month hence."

"Monsieur takes this marriage too much to heart," said the Italian—and as he spoke he handed the coat, which his master put on—"it may never take place. A month hence in the country they will begin to hunt—to hunt the boar. No doubt the party at the château will divert themselves in this way while the nuptial ceremonies are arranged. It is a dangerous sport. Many accidents take place, many unfortunate shots—quite unintentional. Monsieur le Chevalier is a finished sportsman. He has a steady hand and a sure eye. *C'est un fait accompli.*"

The Chevalier started: in the large glass before him he saw a terrible figure dressed as for the chase, but pale as a corpse, and trembling in every limb as with the palsy. He shuddered, and turned away.

CHAPTER V.

The *piqueurs* sent up word to the château that a magnificent boar had been lodged in a copse at the foot of the forest road. An answer was sent down accordingly that the Marquis would drive him early in the morning, and that he should be turned if possible towards the château.

In the morning, therefore, very early, the whole household was astir. The ladies were mounted, and, divided into parties, cantered down the road and along the forest paths to those points where, according to the advice of their several attendant cavaliers, the hunt would most likely be seen to advantage. The Marquis, it was said, had been down at a still earlier hour to rouse the boar. Every now and then a distant horn sounding over the waving autumn forest told that the sport had commenced.

The ladies were gay and delighted, and those of the gentlemen who, like Monsieur Cacotte, were not much accustomed to country life and scenes, shared their enjoyment to the full. And indeed it seemed a morning out of fairyland. From every branch and spray upon which the leaves, tinted with a thousand colors, were trembling already to their fall, hung sparkling festoons of fairy lace, the mysterious gossamer web which in a single night wreathes a whole forest with a magic covering which the first hour of sunlight as soon destroys. Yellows, browns, and purples formed the background of this dazzling network of fairy silver which crossed in all directions the forest rides.

But though the morning was so lovely, the ladies grew tired of riding up and down waiting for the hunt. The horns became fainter and more distant, and it became evident that the chase had drifted to the eastward.

"Why do you stay here, Monsieur de Circassonne?" said Mademoiselle de Frontênac, smiling, to a young man, almost a boy, who had with the utmost devotion remained by the side of herself and a very pretty girl, her companion. "Why do you stay here? You are not wont to desert the chase. What can have happened to the Marquis and the rest?"

The boy looked somewhat sheepish, and replied to the latter part of the question only.

"I fancy that the boar has broken out, in spite of the *piqueurs*, and that the Marquis has failed to turn him. They have probably lost him in the forest."

"But is not that very dangerous?" said the pretty girl. "If they do not know where the boar is, he may burst out upon us at any moment."

The boy looked at her as though much pleased.

"That is quite true," he said. "It was one reason why I stayed."

Monsieur de Circassonne was not far wrong in his opinion. This is what had happened.

When the Marquis arrived at the cover, very soon after sunrise, he found that the boar, ungraciously refusing to wait his opponent's convenience, had broken cover, and, wounding one of the *piqueurs* who attempted to turn him, had gone down the valley. He was described

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as an unusually fine animal, and the dogs were on his track.

The course which the boar had taken lay through the thick of the forest. It was rugged and uneven, and he could be pursued only on foot. After some distance had been traversed, the scent was suddenly crossed by a large sow, who, as frequently happened, apparently with the express purpose of diverting the pursuit from her companion, crossed immediately in front of the dogs and went crashing down through the coppice to the right. Most of the hounds followed her, and the *piqueurs*, with few exceptions, followed the dogs. The Marquis, however, succeeded in calling off some of the oldest hounds, and, accompanied by two or three *piqueurs*, followed the original chase. Some distance further on, however, the boar had taken to the water, and the scent was lost. At the same time the horns sounding in the valley to the right showed that the deserters had come up with their quarry, and distracted the attention of both *piqueurs* and dogs. The former were of opinion that the boar had simply crossed the river, and, taking the dogs across, they made a cast on the opposite bank, where the dogs ran backwards and forwards, baying disconsolately. The Marquis, however, believing that the boar had followed the course of the stream for at least some distance, kept on the left bank, and, forcing his way round one or two craggy points, found at last the spot where the boar, apparently but a few moments before, had scrambled up the bank. He sounded his horn, but, either from the baying of the dogs or the noise and excitement in the valley below, he was disregarded, and, pushing aside the branches before him, the Marquis found himself at the foot of a ravine down which a mountain torrent was rushing to join the river below. The bed of the ravine was composed of turf overstrewn with craggy rock, and on either side rugged cliffs, out of the fissures of which lofty oaks and chestnuts had grown for centuries, towered up towards the sky.

The Marquis waited for a moment, but, hearing no reply to his horn, he entered the ravine alone.

As he did so, the strange shapes which the hanging roots and branches of the trees assumed might seem to beckon and warn him back; but, on the other hand, a thousand happy and pleasing objects spoke of life and joy. The sun shone brilliantly through the trembling leaves, birds of many colors flitted from spray to spray, butterflies and bright insects crossed the fretted work of light and shade. The chase was evidently before him—why should he turn back?

Some fifty yards up the valley the rocks retreated on either side, leaving a wide and open grassy space, down which the torrent was rushing and over which fragments of basaltic rock, split from the wooded cliffs above, were strewn. At the summit of this grassy slope, standing beneath a bare escarpment of basalt, the Marquis saw the boar.

Its sides and legs were stained with mud and soil, but the chase had been very short, and the animal seemed to have turned to bay more out of curiosity and interest than from terror or exhaustion. It stood sniffing the air and panting with excitement, its hair bristling with anger, its white and polished tusks shining in the sun.

When the Marquis saw the superb creature standing above him on the turf, a glow of healthy and genuine pleasure passed over his face. He swung his horn round far out of reach behind his back, and drew his long and jeweled knife. The boar and he would try this issue alone.

For some seconds they stood facing each other. Then the posture of the Marquis changed inexplicably. He rose to his full height, his gaze was fixed as if by fascination upon a long range of low rocks above him to the left, and an expression of surprise, which did not amount to anxiety even, came into his face. Then he dropped his knife, threw his arms up suddenly over his head, and, falling backwards, rolled once over and lay motionless upon the uneven turf in an uneasy posture, his head lower than the limbs. A puff of white smoke rose from the rocks above, and the reverberating echo of a hunting-piece struck the rocks and went on sounding alternately from side to side down the valley.

The boar, startled at the shot, and,

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still more, probably, by the sudden fall of his adversary, crept into a thicket, and, while a man might count sixty, an awful silence fell upon hill and rock and wood. The myriad happy creatures that filled the air with murmur and with life became invisible and silent, and even the rushing torrent ceased to sound. Then a terrible figure, habited in the costume of the chase, but trembling in every limb as with a palsy, rose from behind the rocks upon the left. With tottering and uneven steps, it staggered down the grassy slope, and stood beside the fallen man. The Marquis opened his eyes, and when he saw this figure he tried to raise himself from the uneasy posture in which he had fallen. When he found it was impossible, a smile of indescribably serene courtesy formed itself upon his face.

"Ah, Chevalier," he said, speaking slowly and at intervals, "that was scarcely fair! Make my regrets to the Marquise. Monsieur Cacotte—will speak to you—about—my—will."

Then, the smile fading from the lips, his head fell back into the uneasy posture in which it had lain, and the Marquis Jeanne Hyacinth de St. Palaye rested in peace upon the blood-stained grass.

THE STAR OF BETHLEHEM

BY KATHARINE LEE BATES

Softly I come into the dance of the spheres,
Into the choir of lights,
New from my nest in God's heart.
O Night, the chosen of nights,
Longing and dream of the years,
Blessèd thou art.

Golden the fruit hangs on the hyaline tree;
Golden the glistening tide
Sweeps through the heavens; the cars
Of the great mooned planets glide
Golden; and yet to me
Bow down the stars;

Casting their crowns, bright with æonian reigns,
Under the flight of my feet
Eager for Bethlehem,
Thither with music-beat
Blent of innumerous strains
Marshaling them.

Sweetly their chant soars through unsearchable space,
Quivering vespers that thrill
Into the deep nocturne-
Symphony I fulfill;
I, who, like Mary's face,
Wonder and yearn,

Cherish, adore, keeping the watch above
The Word made flesh to-night;
Wonderful Word, impearled
In childhood holy-white;
Word that is Godhood, Love,
Light of the World.

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—*Gustav Kobbe in "How to Understand Music."*

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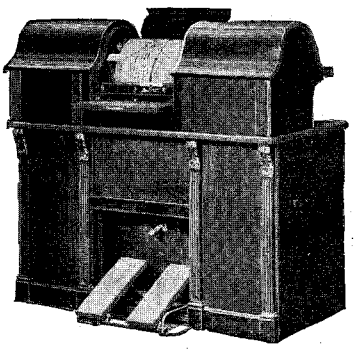

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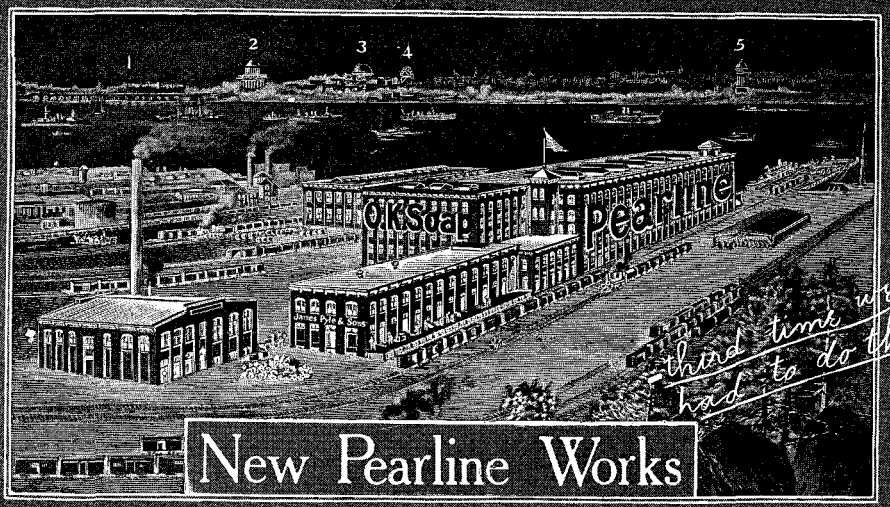

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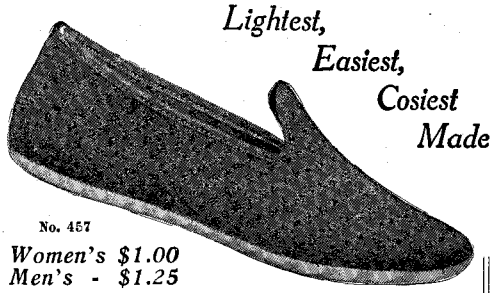

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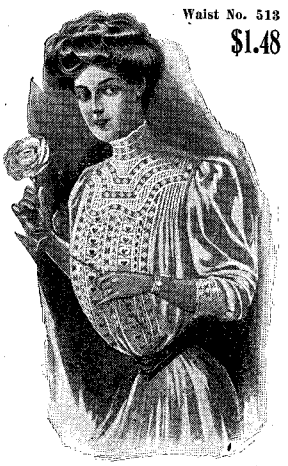

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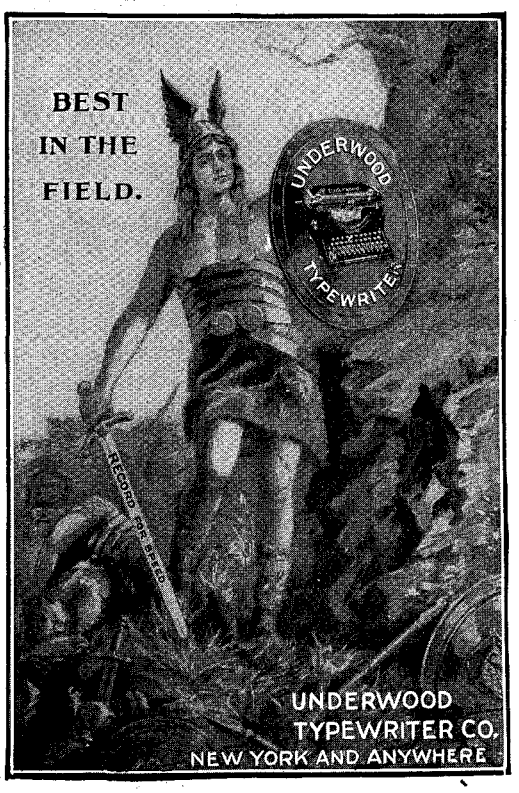

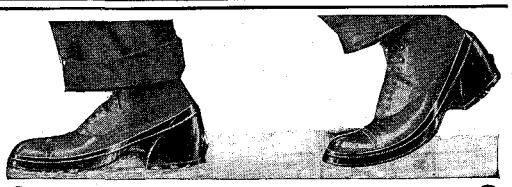

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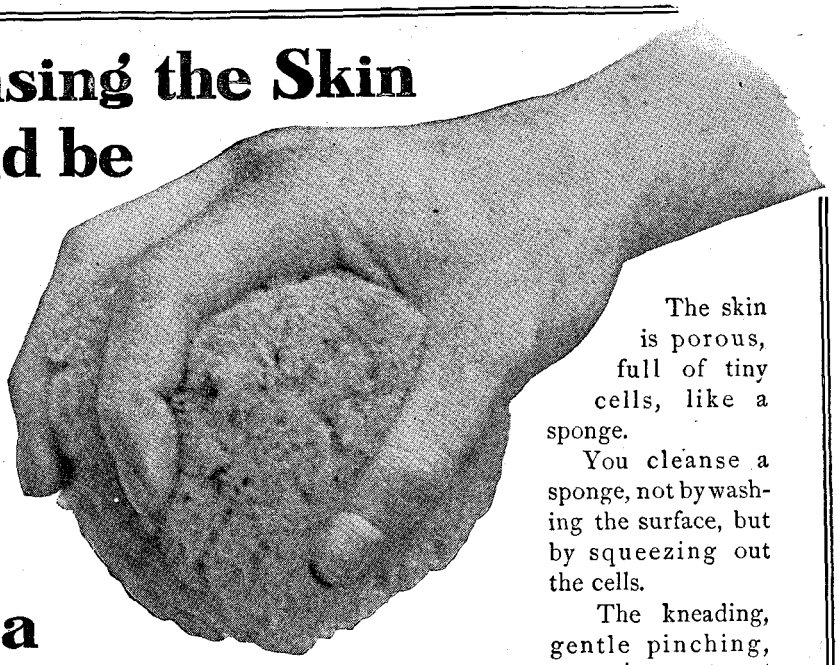

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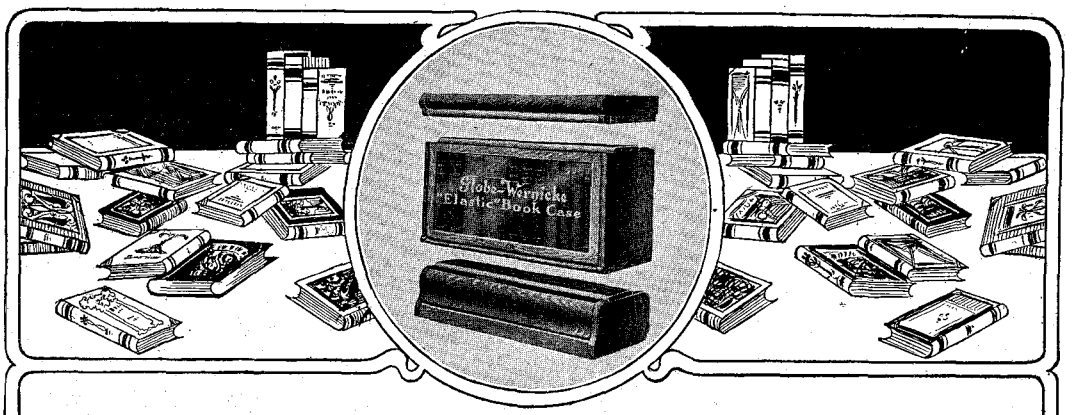

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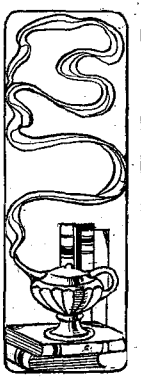

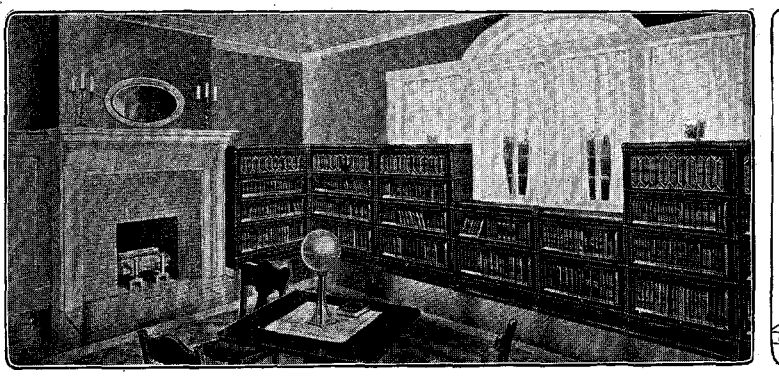

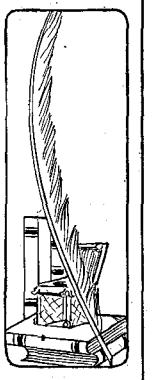

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